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VARIA

VICIOUS MISREPRESENTATION

AN extract from a pronouncement by Mr Alfred Noyes has just come to our notice. Mr Noyes, as is probably known to our readers, has recently been appointed to a "visiting professorship" in America; he has therefore been interviewed by the press on the subject of poetry; his utterances are delivered with the confidence of one in a position to form an opinion; they will have been read by thousands of people; he evidently fails, however, to realise his responsibilities, for he is guilty of the following mean and utterly unwarrantable misrepresentation:—

"The people who publish a magazine called POETRY AND DRAMA have what they call the 'Poetry Bookshop.' They hold meetings there, and they have provided 'simple, austere beds' for 'simple, austere' young poets from the country to sleep in. And the young poets from the country come with their long hair and flowing neckties and pose and read their own verses, and bring the contempt of the man in the street down on all poetry."

Now it is possible that Mr Noyes has in his turn been misrepresented by his reporter; nevertheless, in substance, he must have uttered something of the sort quoted. We are not admirers of Mr Noyes' poetry; it seems likely that his remarks were dictated by odium for POETRY AND DRAMA. Yet he was not speaking as a poet, but as a professor, and he should not have allowed his private grudges to influence his public pronouncements. We may add that Mr Noyes has never been to the Poetry Bookshop.

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MR BALFOUR'S ADDRESS

IN his recent presidential address before the English Association Mr Balfour elected to discuss the comparative advantages of prose and verse for argument. He examined Dryden and Pope at some length, but his discourse was chiefly interesting for his analysis of the particular pleasures of poetry. These he conceived to be derived from (1) "the melody of language," (2) "the satisfaction of seeing a difficult thing admirably done," (3) "the use of ornament and decoration in enrichment," and (4) "the power of compression, the power of producing intensity which poetry possesses in a degree far exceeding prose." That these are all sources of pleasure pre-eminently connected with poetry, we agree; its right to the title of poetry is, in fact, dependent on the extent to which it possesses them. But the tone of Mr Balfour's remarks suggested that in speaking of verse he had in mind only those regular and repetitive forms that have occupied the field of European poetry up to the last generation. With these we do not believe the characteristics of poetry enumerated by him have any exclusive connection. It is, at any rate, in this belief that much of the poetry of the day is being written, particularly in Italy and France, where *free verse* has such protagonists as MM. Paul Fort and Claudel. Mr Balfour avoided the difficulties of his subject, particularly in omitting to mention Whitman, who wrote didactic poetry in anything but regular metre. Milton in his day found it necessary to publish a prefatory note to *Paradise Lost* in defence of blank verse, which was then only customary in drama. We do not now consider a poem incomplete merely because it does not rhyme, and we are beginning to adopt the same attitude towards rhythm, not demanding authoritatively that there shall be the same number of stresses, at equal intervals, in each line. But there are still many who take it for granted that all poetry is also regular verse, and would follow Mr Balfour in speaking of using the one and choosing the other for certain purposes, without distinction. Perhaps it was this failure in definition which prevented him from arriving at any final conclusion. Certainly it is useless to discuss choice in a matter which lies outside that region; and as for verse, if it is not also poetry it does not much matter whether people argue in it or not.

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL

WE have to record with regret the passing away of a great man, Frédéric Mistral, who died on the 25th March last, at Maillane, his native town. To us English who have guarded hitherto the traditions of our tongue intact, the problem faced and solved by Mistral may seem a remote one; but in every part of Europe where there is and has been a struggle to maintain the integrity of a race, Mistral's life-work has been an inspiration:—Catalonians, Roumanians, Bohemians, Croatians, Swedes, Finns, Frisians, Flemish, and Irish, all those smaller races that are constantly under the menace of being swallowed up by some powerful neighbour, have found courage in what Mistral has done for Provence. It would be impossible to trace all the ramifications of his influence: he has been called the Civiliser. For he was not only the admirable poet of *Mirèio* (1859), *Calendan* (1867), *Lis Isclo d'Or* (1875), *Nerto* (1884), *La Reino Jano* (1890), *Lon Pouemo doù Rose* (1897), *Lis Oulivados* (1912); he was also the compiler of *Lon trèzor dou Félibrige* (1878-1885), a French-Provençal dictionary containing the results of many years of labour and of pilgrimages and interrogations of all kinds of Provençal folk; and he was the indefatigable champion of the Provençal people. His philological labours supplied him with the materials with which, like Dante, he created, in his poems, a new language out of the remnants of the old. His public work had one end and aim, the reawakening of the Provençal soul. For this purpose he founded a newspaper and the Museon Arleton with the money obtained from Academic prizes and from the Nobel award. He also founded and fostered the organisation known as the Félibrige. He gave his whole life to these and to Provence, and Provence repaid him with a homage such as no other poet has ever known. On his tomb, Mistral has had carved this epitaph:

NON NOBIS, DOMINE
SED NOMINI TUO
ET PROVENCIAE NOSTRAE
DA GLORIAM.

There is no name, and only a few emblems serve to show that this is the grave of Frédéric Mistral, "poète et patriote provençal."

KEATS DISCOVERIES

IN *The Times Literary Supplement* of April 16th last there appeared an article by Sir Sidney Colvin containing a newly discovered poem and "a couple of scraps" by Keats. The value of these poems is purely historical, as they can add nothing to Keats' reputation, nor to the æsthetic enjoyment of lovers of his poetry. Of greater importance are two hitherto unpublished sonnets which appeared in the *Literary Supplement* of May 21st. They were written on the occasion of an incident between Keats and Leigh Hunt (which was also commemorated in the "Hymn to Apollo," written later in contrition), and thereby possess some considerable biographical interest.

The incident is recorded in a note by Woodhouse, also hitherto unpublished, the first paragraph of which reads as follows:—

"As Keats and Leigh Hunt were taking their wine together after dinner, at the house of the latter, the whim seized them (probably at Hunt's instigation) to crown themselves with laurel after the fashion of the ancient bards. While they were thus attired, two of Hunt's friends happened to call upon him. Just before their entrance H. removed the wreath from his own brows and suggested to K. that he might do the same. K., however, in his usual enthusiastic way, vowed that he would not take off his crown for any human being, and he actually wore it, without any explanation, as long as the visit lasted."

Probably nobody would read the sonnets more than once for the pleasure of their poetry, but the occasion of their composition and their connection with the "Hymn to Apollo" must invest them with a certain glamour for all those who find in Keats a particularly attractive figure.

In reply to the suggestion by Mr Thomas, which appeared in *Varia* for March last, that the phrase "diamond jar" in Keats' Sonnet "On Leaving some Friends at an Early Hour," should read "diamond tiar," several correspondents have expressed an opinion that "jar" is correct, and was intended to convey the dazzle of the diamonds, which strikes on and *jars* the sense of sight. This theory is to our mind more ingenious than pleasing. Concerning Mr Thomas's other suggestion, that the inverted commas in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" should be printed at the beginning and end of the last two lines, instead of merely to include the phrase, "Beauty is truth—truth beauty,"—it is interesting to note that they are placed in the suggested manner in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.

A DRAMATIC HERESY

WHEN the general epithets applied to revues by those who labour for a good theatre are "stupid," "degrading," and "disgusting," to regard them as the possible matrix of a future great comedy has all the allurements of a contentious paradox. The thought of a moment shows them to be a criticism in burlesque of current life, and is this not, after all, the essence of comedy? "Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things," but that is not the fault of their kind, which is that of Aristophanes. Meredith said of him: "I would not ask him to be revived, but that the sharp light of such a spirit as his might be with us to strike now and then on public affairs, public themes; to make them spin along more briskly." And if our revues fail in this, is it not that they exhibit a criticism congruous to the tired mind seeking for trivial enjoyment, rather than to the normal, vigorous mind? Certes, they need development.

The English genius for comedy has not so far lain much in this direction. We tend to the comedy of character and manners; or of incident, which is farce. Our great comic playwrights have been of the stamp of Congreve, Sheridan, Wilde. Yet now and again we have had writers of revues from Greene onwards, notably Gay and Gilbert. "The Beggars' Opera" is an admirable product of this kind. Gilbert confused the issue; his "sharp lights" are incidental only, and his plays are marred by a sacrifice to plot, and by an alloy of sweet sentiment.

The truth is, it is not enough to hale before the tribunal of the comic merely the transitory clothing of our social frame; we must attack fundamentals also. This Aristophanes did, and Gay and Gilbert did not sufficiently: thus "The Wasps" lives, and "The Beggars' Opera" and "Iolanthe" droop. Our revues too literally devote attention to our clothing, and profit by the shape of Mr Churchill's collar. The Montmartre *cabarets artistiques* (so they are named) confine themselves too exclusively to purely political events, whereas the butt of the comic is social pretension. Nevertheless they are good, and have wit. Ours are a clumsy adaptation of theirs, but our early, racy comedy came from France, clumsily at first.

B. DOBRÉE

POETRY

POEMS ANNA WICKHAM

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE (Book II) . . . MAURICE HEWLETT

CHEROKEE BALLADS JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

TO PELAGIA FRANCIS MACNAMARA

DRAMA

HELEN EDWARD STORER

ANNA WICKHAM

I.—THE SINGER

IF I had peace to sit and sing,
Then I could make a lovely thing ;
But I am stung with goads and whips,
So I build songs like iron ships.

Let it be something for my song,
If it is sometimes swift, and strong.

II.—SEHNSUCHT

BECAUSE of body's hunger are we born,
And by contriving hunger are we fed ;
Because of hunger is our work well done,
As so are songs well sung, and things well said.
Desire and longing are the whips of God—
God save us all from death when we are fed.

III.—TO A YOUNG BOY

POOOR son of strife—
Child of inequality and growth—
You will never learn, you have only to live.
You will never know the peace of order,
Routine will crush you.
Safe toil has always thought of time,
But you will work in utter concentration
Fierce as fire.

You will find no steady excellence :
You will spend your life in a ditch, grubbing for grains of gold.
Remember, my dear son,
That gold is gold.

You will find no steady virtue :
You will live sometimes with holy ecstasy, sometimes with shoddy sin.

You will keep no constant faith,
But with an agony of faithful longing you will hate a lie.

Life will give you no annuity,
You will always be at risk.
There is one technique, one hope and one excuse for such as you,
And that is courage.

IV.—THE CHERRY-BLOSSOM WAND

(To be sung)

I WILL pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that can never grow wise.

Light are the petals that fall from the bough,
And lighter the love that I offer you now :
In a spring day shall the tale be told
Of the beautiful things that will never grow old.

The blossoms shall fall in the night wind,
And I will leave you so, to be kind :
Eternal in beauty are short-lived flowers,
Eternal in beauty, these exquisite hours.

I will pluck from my tree a cherry-blossom wand,
And carry it in my merciless hand,
So I will drive you, so bewitch your eyes,
With a beautiful thing that shall never grow wise.

V.—BAD LITTLE SONG

THE partner of my joys is so chaste
And thrifty withal, he will not waste :
From his schooled lips no wanton word,
Exuberant speech is never heard.
Though I am not uncomely, and not old,
These pleasant things are never told.
Sometimes I wish that I were dead,
As I lie chill in my good partner's bed.

VI.—THE WOMAN OF THE HILL

I WOULD be ever your desired,
Never the possessed—
Nor in this will of mine is wantonness expressed.
The desired woman is most dear,
The possessed wanton is too near.

I would be far on unattainable height—
Always for knowledge, always for sight :
While from your touch and kisses I am free,
Our love is the high, perfect thing to be.

VII.—THE COMMENT

IS it not clear that women waste
Quite half their lives in keeping chaste ?
Such time is lost in this endeavour,
How have they leisure to be clever ?

VIII.—SUSANNAH IN THE MORNING

WHEN first I saw him I was chaste and good,
And he, how ruthless, pardoned not the mood.
From one quick look I knew him dear,
And gave the highest tribute of my fear.
So I played woman to his male,
How better could his power prevail!
But his hot sense showed quick surprise,
At the slow challenge of my shaded eyes.
In a closed room what fires may burn!
O my cold lover will you not return?
To the high night I fling my prayer,
Master of chariots drive me in the air!

IX.—GIFT TO A JADE

FOR love he offered me his perfect world.
This world was so constricted, and so small,
It had no sort of loveliness at all,
And I flung back the little silly ball.
At that cold moralist I hotly hurled,
His perfect pure symmetrical small world.

X.—A SONG OF MORNING

THE starved priest must stay in his cold hills.
How can he walk in vineyards,
Where brown girls mock him
With kisses, and with the dance!
You, O son of Silenus, must live in cities,
Where there is wine,
Where there are couches for rank flesh,
Where women walk in streets.

But I will be a conqueror,
Strong to starve and feast.
I will go up into the hills.
With club and flint I will fight hairy men.
I will break a head as I throw down a cup ;
I will spill my blood as I throw down wine at a feast ;
I will break mountain ice for my bath ;
I will lie upon cold rock, and I will dream.

Then I will come down into the cities,
Slim, but for my great sinews.

And I will walk in the streets of women.
The women will be behind their curtains,
And they will fear me.

I will be strong to live beyond the law ;
I will be strong to live without the priest ;
I will be strong, no slave of couches.

I will be a conqueror,
Mighty to starve and feast.

XI.—SONG

I WAS so chill, and overworn, and sad,
To be a lady was the only joy I had.
I walked the street as silent as a mouse,
Buying fine clothes, and fittings for the house.

But since I saw my love
I wear a simple dress,
And happily I move
Forgetting weariness.

XII.—THE SLIGHTED LADY

THERE was once a man who won a beautiful woman.
Not only was she lovely, and shaped like a woman,
But she had a beautiful mind.
She understood everything the man said to her,
She listened and smiled,
And the man possessed her and grew in ecstasy,
And he talked while the woman listened and smiled.

But there came a day when the woman understood even more
than the man had said ;
Then she spoke, and the man, sated with possession, and
weary with words, slept.
He slept on the threshold of his house.
The woman was within, in a small room.

Then to the window of her room
Came a young lover with his lute,
And thus he sang :

“O, beautiful woman, who can perfect my dreams,
Take my soul into your hands
Like a clear crystal ball.
Warm it to softness at your breast,
And shape it as you will.
We two shall sing together living songs,
And walk our Paradise, in an eternal noon—
Come, my desire, I wait.”

But the woman, remembering the sleeper and her faith,
Shook her good head, to keep the longing from her eyes,
At which the lover sang again, and with such lusty rapture
That the sleeper waked,
And, listening to the song, he said :
“My woman has bewitched this man—

He is seduced.
What folly does he sing?
This woman is no goddess, but my wife ;
And no perfection, but the keeper of my house.

Whereat the woman said within her heart :
"My husband has not looked at me for many days—
He has forgot that flesh is warm,
And that the spirit hungers.
I have waited long within the house,
I freeze with dumbness, and I go."

Then she stept down from her high window
And walked with her young lover, singing to his lute.

XIII.—SELF-ANALYSIS

THE tumult of my fretted mind
Gives me expression of a kind ;
But it is faulty, harsh—not plain,—
My work has the incompetence of pain.

I am consuméd with slow fire,
For righteousness is my desire ;
Towards that good goal I cannot whip my will,
I am a tired horse, that jibs upon a hill.

I desire virtue, though I love her not—
I have no faith in her when she is got ;
I fear that that she will bind and make me slave,
And send me songless to the sullen grave.

I am like a man who fears to take a wife,
And frets his soul with wantons all his life.
With rich, unholy foods I stuff my maw ;
When I am sick, then I believe in law.

I fear the whiteness of straight ways—
I think there is no colour in unsullied days.
My silly sins I take for my heart's ease,
And know my beauty in the end disease.

Of old there were great heroes, strong in fight,
Who, tense and sinless, kept a fire alight :
God of our hope, in their great name
Give me the straight and ordered flame.

XIV.—THE TIRED MAN

I AM a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and dream ;
But my wife is on the hillside,
Wild as a hill-stream.

I am a quiet gentleman,
And I would sit and think ;
But my wife is walking the whirlwind
Through night as black as ink.

Oh, give me a woman of my race
As well controlled as I,
And let us sit by the fire,
Patient till we die.

XV.—TO D. M.

I WITH fine words, wear all my life away,
And lose good purpose with the things I say.
Guide me, kind, silent woman, that I give
One deed for twice ten thousand words, and so I live.

MAURICE HEWLETT

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE

*BOOK II.**

CURTMANTLE

Anarchy,
1135-1154.

LET mortal man make ready to weep
At all times, ere good fortune flit !
No sooner was that king dug deep
For ever in his earthen bed,
Forthwith from donjon, tower and keep
Lift one by one a rascal head,
And tongues were clackt, and whispers leapt
Like forks of fire : " The Kings are dead—
Up, chieftain, out ! " Forth Sarum stept,
Bishop and knight, and like a cock
Clapt wings and crow'd, as that which kept
Peter asham'd of gibe and mock
For many a day ere he became
His master's gatekeeper and rock.
They rise, they flare with sword and flame
Out and abroad the country over ;
Nor as, when hawks fall foul, the game
And hedgerow finch may cower in cover,
And very field-mouse take to his hole,
May Hodge get screen from his wind-hover.
Let lords of land take bloody toll,
Let kings of it shed life like rain,
The land must have Hodge body and soul :

* Book I. appeared in POETRY AND DRAMA, No. 5, March, 1914.

To it! To it! To work again!
 They skin the land, the castles rise,
 The castles fall; o'er Sarum plain
 The quick fire runs, the quick hare flies;
 The Five Rivers flow red water;
 Brother bites brother traitorwise,
 And Lust, which is War's eldest daughter,
 And Cruelty, which married Lust,
 Breed curious vice from furious slaughter;
 And Hodge must suffer as he must
 To see his sons hung by the feet,
 To see their brains pockmark the dust,
 To see their fair flesh made dogs' meat;
 And see his daughter grin in grief,
 Naked and witless in the street,
 Wreck of the lechery of a thief,
 Ransackt and shockt, deflower'd and flung
 Out like a dirty handkerchief
 To lie betrodde in the dung.
 Himseemed that Nature and the Air
 Had art and part these shames among;
 The murrain fester'd everywhere,
 The sheep-scab; this year was a drought,
 Next year the floods, all years despair.
 And thus the reign of riot ran out
 With King and Empress up and down;
 A shout of triumph, then a rout.
 Then came King Death and took the crown,
 To add it to his goodly batch
 Of such memorials in 'Hell town.

Renew, man Hodge, with yelm thy thatch,
 Warm thy sore bones, the hour is plann'd
 When thieves of men shall meet their match:
 There comes a man to hold this land.
 A freckled man, blinking and squat,
 A crook-kneed man of fidgety hand,

Henry
 Curtmantle,
 1154.

Scutage,
1159.

In an old cloak and a vile hat,
But Lord! a man! He had a prong
To rend the scum from the yeasty vat
Whose bubbles were men's breath, whose song
Was *Thine is mine!* and *I bleed, I bleed!*
Gasp of the poor, or grunt of the strong.
But of his ordering and good heed,
How he foil'd the robber lords,
Buying shields as he had the need,
Taking their money to hire their swords:
Here is stuff for the chroniclers,
Them that sweat deeds into words.
Little of such high policy stirs
Plowman Hodge in his green realm
Of grassy hills and junipers.
He spreads his straw, he pegs his yelm
To mend his thatch; he snuffs the breeze;
The wind comes warm, there's bud on the elm:
Out and about! Good sap to your knees,
Health to eye, to backbone marrow;
Rid your acres at your good ease,
Drive your plow, stand on your harrow
What time your head-bow'd oxen trudge;
While cow's in calf or sow's in farrow
There's God in the sky to wink at Hodge,
And King Curtmantle His world to scan
Here below; and he'll not budge
Tho' barons bicker and churchmen plan.

Clarendon.

So to the beechwoods over the down,
Where deer are twice the worth of a man,
The King rideth to Clarendon;
And Hodge may view him from the fields,
Him with his bad hat for his crown,
His tramping legions, his horses and shields,
Pensels, priests and their sacraments:
Such gapeseed the high world yields!

Thomas of
Canterbury.

Like toadstools dimpling in the bents
Rise in a night of miracles
Towns and villages of tents—
Hodge to Hob this wonder tells ;
And of the prince of dark visage,
Archpriest Thomas, riding the hills,
Furtive before the King in his rage,
Who wrings his nails to see him there
And know his peer, with gage for his gage,
And craft for his craft. For he can stare
With eyes unheeding, vacant, mild,
As if he saw God in the flickering air
Shap't like a man or naked child,
What time his master fumes and mutters,
Or pads the floor like a wolf of the wild,
Mouthing impotence, froths and splutters,
Thinks to cow him, cries to be rid
Of the pest he is. But that cry he utters
Undoes full half of all he did.
Desperate doing there lies before ye,
Strong Plantagenet, hoarded and hid ;
For that shav'd poll a crown of glory,
Martyr's light on his politics,
Tapers and gold for his feretory ;
For you the smear of blood that sticks.
Great doings at Clarendon !
Nought to the man behind the quicks
Cutting his lunch, or out in the sun
Slipping the plow-share thro' the flints.
King or Bishop, it's all one
To goodman Hodge while the sun glints
On kindling harness and crow's wing,
And warms his back as he works his stints.

A King's
way.

Now let him learn the way of a king.
It was by Clarendon they say
This King out at his goshawking,

Riding in the cool of the day
 Up to the down, fell love-bitten
 Before a maid call'd Ikenai,
 A girl with a round face like a kitten,
 Gooseherding in the common pasture,
 With shy blue eyes and hair sun-litten,
 As slim as a boy in her smockt vesture :
 Young Ikenai plain Hodge's daughter !
 But he must make himself her master ;
 So men of his went out and bought her,
 Since he must have her by all means ;
 There was no way, her will was water ;
 The paramount can rule the mesnes.
 He did but as a king may do ;
 The child was cow'd and made no scenes,
 But took the use he put her to
 And bore the burden of womenkind.
 She gave him a son, or maybe two,
 But one was a man of his father's mind.
 And as for her, why, no one knows
 Ought about her, or ought can find :
 Ikenai, Hodge's girl, a rose
 Flickt from the hedge for a man's breast,
 Fading the while his way he goes
 And dropt mid-journey. Guess the rest.
 Here's enough of deeds in the shade.

Ikenai.

Curtmantle
 dies, 1189.

Better than many, tho' bad was best,
 This King was, and his end he made
 Even as his life had been. He died
 Old, ill, forsaken and betray'd
 In his castle by Vienne's tide,
 Warring upon his fine tall sons,
 Beaten and beggar'd of all but pride.
That he had, to cover his bones.
 Now of his sons I have nought to say
 (When fools are kings the wise pen runs) :

Richard,
1189-1199.

Richard the Minstrel, Yea-and-Nay,
A hawk the Archduke lur'd with his lime ;
Him that took life for a firework day
And burnt himself out before his prime—
Nought of him who lived and was dead
Ere England knew him, for Hodge's rhyme.

John
Lackland,
1199-1216.

And what of Lackland, slugabed,
That sold his kingdom to the Pope ?
Little enough when all is said :
Trust him to hang—with enough rope.
Slugging, he lost his Normandy,
So lords of lands had narrower scope,
Since they must chose where they would be
Masters of men, here or in France.

Runnymede
1215.
Barons'
Business.

That was his rope ; and the tall tree
Was Runnymede's where they made him dance.
They call'd the tune, he needs must foot it ;
Well might Hodge take the play askance,
For all the triumph that they bruit it
Brought little joy to him and his :
Charter of Liberties they put it ;
God knows it was not Liberty's.
Liberty for a man to swing
His villeins on his own park-trees !
Freedom to make freedom a thing
Not to be hop'd for ! If Hodge hears
The pæan which the lawyers sing
'Twere well he'd wax to plug his ears ;
For this inspires their shrilling words,
That lords of land shall be judg'd by their peers,
And the terre-tenants—by their lords.
Great hearing, Hodge, thy plow to speed
The Baron's Carta Magna affords,
Wrung, as by blood, from Runnymede.

Hodge's
Business.

But Hodge, the man upon the hill,
Hath other lack of instant deed ;
He hath in house a young child ill,

And he must after the reeve's wife
To tell him why it lies so still
And burns, and burns—and dare the knife
To cut the blanket out of its throat
And give it back the breath of life.
Or he must off to Halimote
To hold (and be afraid of no man)
His right and title to hedgebote,
Or lay his lawful claim to common,
Or find John Stot a plain cuckold,
Or duck Madge Hern the foul-mouth'd woman,
Blear'd, white and viperous, a scold.
And what is Runnymede to him?
And is King Richard dead and cold?
Or is King John King Satan's limb?
Or the Pope—innocent? Courage, verse,
Here's an end. Make thy tackle trim.
Times shall be better—ere they be worse.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

CHEROKEE BALLADS

To
SEQUOYAH,

THE INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET,
AND TO HIS OLD FRIENDS COHEÉ AND PINDEÉ,
THE GHOST OF ABEH SÚ SA-WÓNDI

DEDICATES

ALL THAT IS HIS IN THIS SERIES.

I.—THE THUNDERSTORM

LET us cut the throats of the best men of the tribe :
Let us lay rich offerings
Upon the altars :
For the gods with black arrows
Are putting out the sun.
Soon we shall hear their war-drum,
Soon we shall see their fire-sticks,
In the forest.
Let us lay rich offerings before their feet,
And crawl into dark caves,
And hide
Until they go away
Heavy with spoil, to snore far off in the mountains.

II.—IN THE TENT

FROM the people of the red tents I took her :
Her father, her brother,
Her mother,
Are stretched out in the dust.
Now we are alone in my tent.

She has not said a word,
But I feel her cold eyes
Drawing me,
Crazing me,
Compelling me,
Till my body begins to tremble, and I crawl a little nearer ;
Though I see the bright blade of a knife half-hidden in her hand.

III.—BEYOND THE CAMP-FIRE

BY night, silently,
I crawl towards their camp-fire :
There are three of them,
Two men and the woman that they took from me.

She knew my wolf-howl,
And she warned him :
But he drowzes now, for the trail to-day was toilsome,
And his halfbreed is a coward.

Three arrows :
The first, to her breast ;
The second, to scare the yellow cur away ;
The third, to lame him.

You gods, grant
That he may die slowly and in torment,
Seeing me watching
At his side.

IV.—THE DOTARD

LONG ago
This tribe was weak and small :
Enemies surrounded us,
Our chief was afraid.

I arose among you,
I led you into battle ;
The gods were good to us.

Many were the hearts of the warriors
We ate that day,
Great was the spoil.
There are no such battles now.

Now I am toothless,
And wrinkled.
Age, like a vulture,
Sits at my heart.

I see the young men smiling at my stories :
The children aping my hobble :
The young girls turning their backs.
The chief no longer calls on me to speak in the council.

I will go alone
To a great cave,
Taking neither food nor water.
I will close the entrance with a stone,
I will lie down,
Wrapping my robe about my body,
And go to my fathers ;
Having seen my shame.

V.—WOUNDED

I LIE alone
In the forest,
My leg broken
By a spear.
All about me sound yet the shrill yells of the battle.

If some enemy
Should come near me,

I will stretch out as if I were lifeless :
And when I feel his knife
At my scalp-lock,
I will rise suddenly and bite him in the gullet.

VI.—RETREAT

THE pale-faced warriors
Pursue us
Back to the mountains.

We leave behind us
The marks of our passage :
Farm-houses in embers,
Fields in ashes,
Groves in smoking ruin.

We leave also
Gifts for our enemies :
Men with maimed stumps,
Women with hacked breasts,
Babes that are slaughtered,
Wells that are poisoned.

VII.—THE DUEL

I LOVED Snow-Flower,
But my friend
He, too, sought her.
We must fight.

We will sit down and smoke a pipe together :
We will rise and shake hands for the last time :
We will take our places,
And close in with the tomahawk.

VIII.—AFTER

THE man you slew
Died for love of me :
You stabbed him treacherously
Between the shoulders.

Ugh !
I hate you :
Go away before I stick this knife into you :
Snarl, snapping cur ;
Snivel, maimed scarecrow.
Be off. My father could eat seven men like you at
a mouthful.

IX.—WAR-SONG

THE ice breaks up on the river,
The wild goose goes southward :
Let us hold a council.

Let us break the peace-pipe,
Let us dig up the hatchet,
Let us paint our faces,
And go out to war.

We are weary of the milky breasts of the women,
And weary of the stale chatter of the village.

X.—SONG OF VICTORY

THE people of the Bear-Totem have fallen
Before the people of the Tortoise.
We are great.

Our prisoners are bound to stakes in the village,
The young girls mock at them,
The children throw blazing pine-knots.

We, in the chief's tent, debate the spoil.

Let us give rich buffalo-robcs,
And many trophies,
And ten beautiful maidens,
To our ancestors,
That they may not be wroth with us.

FRANCIS MACNAMARA

TO PELAGIA

HERE I lying in your own garden,
For me haunted by your absence, love,
See you, feel you, as before never,
As God knows you, know you in this place.

Whether in the years of heart's waking
The more gave you or the more received,
Walking under and between roses
In view ever of your own grey hills? . . .

All that wilderness so near rising
In rude terraces beyond your wall ;
Stone and olive-trees, a grey patchwork
As near green as will the olive go . . .

Miser of a tree, that spares beauty
To leaf, branch, that blossoms not at all,
Riches for the berry all saving :
Has yet lovers, love does so abound !

—All things tender in those hills see I,
The calm ocean or a maiden's breast ;
See your eyebrows of a wild creature,
Your glance haughty of the furry kind.

Were they lovely, though, till you loved them ?
'Tis yours, sure, the mystery in them :
Yours is the abundance, here roses
Have learnt, multiplying sweetness, sweet.

Now I meet you in the long pathways,
With flags bordered as with mermaid's hair ;
Dappled by the sun through leaves piercing
Like streams go they through the little wood.

Sweetbriar, honeysuckle loud greet me,—
The old sweetness Cæsar will have known ;
Here are ladies, though, will yield sweeter
The white roses waiting to be wooed.

Windless days upon the grass lying
I mark cherries ripen overhead ;
Hear the sheep-bells on the roads, listen
To frogs, crickets, and a tireless bird.

Daily, nightly in the grove sings he,
The famed nightingale, and passes fame ;
Others joining him, as weak runners
In turn pace a champion in a race.

Pale by daytime, as the moon pale is,
His song sounds, but when the darkness comes! . . .
Now I singing of him tire also,
And him singing, as I found him, leave.

Days when troublesome the wind enters
From pale, vacant places in the sky,
Scattering the wealth of sounds varied
His own music in the pines to sound,

Then I seek, as you have sought often,
By rough paths the pinewood on the hill ;
You I see as I survey, resting,
The wide landscape and the village roofs.

All romance is in the road bending
Away southward up the hill in front ;
Westward is that peak whose shape's printed
In all hearts that ever here grew old . . .

Oh ! substantial I'd again see you,
On hill walking or in garden, love ;
Flowers on the garden grave laying,
A friend greeting in the village street. . . .

All's your kingdom, who have best loved it,
A friend here of quality I'll have ;
Come, my secret, and with me also
Exchange being as with all this place.

HELEN

Characters :

HELEN OF TROY.

MENELÄUS.

PARIS.

EVANDER, an officer of King Meneläus' court.

Scene : The palace of King Meneläus at Sparta.

EVANDER.—The queen has been told you are here, and now that she knows you await her and from whom you come, she may desire to see you at any moment.

PARIS.—I will serve her wishes.

EVANDER.—If she does not receive you she will surely send some gracious word that will give you pleasure, for all her thoughts and actions are full of grace and surprise. It gives the very rooms in which she dwells a beauty of their own that one notices if one returns after an absence.

PARIS.—Yes, I believe that, for no person who is good and beautiful can exist long in loneliness. One perceives them first through their servants and their friends. Once only have I been so near to Helen as I am now in speaking to you who constantly see her, and that was hundreds of miles from here, one night during my journey to Sparta. I fell into the company of a young man who had served at her court, and when I listened to him speaking of her, I came so near to her, that she seemed to give me her hand. I felt then that perhaps she was only an idea, a thing of the spirit.

EVANDER.—O no, she is much more than an idea. One is afraid of her, because her power is very great. It is impossible to be

indifferent to her. She will not allow it. If you think her cruel or proud, she will show you how kind and sweet she is.

PARIS.—I can see that you live in the light of her grace.

EVANDER.—Her smile is very beautiful, for it is the radiance of so many qualities. It envelops like sunshine. It is so triumphant that it makes one wonder what her grief would be like. It is its triumph which tells one that it is mortal.

PARIS.—And the king—is he happy?

EVANDER.—He is afraid. At times she will refresh him with her kisses or her smiles, and he becomes calm again, but soon the fear returns. He sees all the desires which she awakens, and feels how little of her life she has really lived, till it seems to him that he stands between her and the world.

PARIS.—Does she not love him then?

EVANDER.—Yes, she loves him. Never was man given such love, but he is afraid. He stands apart and takes what she concedes. Her love of him wearies her a little. She can love him with a slant of her eyes, with a turn of her head, with the shades in her voice. And she knows of those cities which would ask more of her, among whose ways even now her name is carried on triumphant words like a figure of Aphrodite herself borne through the streets in the festivals of spring.

PARIS.—The cities are greedy and their powerful inhabitants are avaricious of beauty. Against what else do they pile up their gold? Their distant praise—that must tempt her. She must feel at times in the night the throb of all that power beating in sympathy with her own heart. If one should come from those cities, where all but the strongest and the fairest are burnt away and fall into ashes by the walls, it would be as if one of her desires had become incarnate in the fury of her will.

EVANDER.—She well knows that one day such an envoy will appear with the mockery of triumphant love upon his face.

PARIS.—And she will follow him?

EVANDER.—Certainly she will follow him that she may fulfil herself. It must be. She knows the fates did not create such love to be wasted. But do not think that she is ever openly contemptuous of

Meneläus. She gives him all that he asks: If he is afraid to ask more, it is not her fault. Maybe in her chamber before her mirrors of silver, she may mock at herself, for she is no less impatient than patient, though to men and women she is serene.

PARIS.—You tell me all these things, and yet you do not astonish me. I seem to have known them before.

(Regarding Paris attentively as the young man begins to interest him.)

EVANDER.—And who are you? You seem very proud and secure. Have you lived in the cities of the world and learnt their wisdom?

PARIS.—I am not a man of cities, though some of their power is in my heart, with its sweetness, its strength, with those rare thoughts which only a few may learn, with that knowledge that is not for all.

EVANDER.—Such as one sees in the smiles of the elect. Are you then one of those set apart by the gods to execute the desires of other men in whom they would remain eternally sterile?

PARIS.—I feel that I have a happiness in my breast. The Cyprian goddess has said that great beauty shall come into my life.

EVANDER.—There is only one great beauty in the world.

PARIS.—And somewhere in the world is one great desire.

EVANDER.—If they should meet?

PARIS.—They are fated to meet. The goddess wills these happenings that the store of human love may be replenished.

(Pause—looks to the left.)

Who is it that passes by there carrying a golden box?

EVANDER.—It is the Queen's jeweller.

PARIS.—They say that her jewels are very wonderful.

EVANDER.—Yes, they are gathered from all ages and all countries. Each has a meaning and a history. Her rubies are impregnated with joy. No sorrow has ever touched them. Only the very young and the very fortunate have worn them.

PARIS.—Now someone passes carrying a lute.

EVANDER.—He comes from the Queen. He is her musician.

PARIS.—Beyond the pillars out in the courtyard there is a crowd of eager faces arising. What do they await with such expectancy?

EVANDER.—The moment when the Queen will show herself to them. Hither come every day those who feel the need for beauty in their spirits that their lives may not be vicious and embittered. The Queen comes out on to a balcony and they behold in her the glory of womankind.

PARIS.—Now there is a movement among the people as if a sudden joy were on the point of penetrating their spirits.

EVANDER.—This is the hour when she stands before them holding out her hands in love and knowledge as she does every day. In a moment they will go away in silence, scattering into every corner of the city, but there is scarcely a street which will not be purified by the radiance of beauty.

PARIS.—One can see now by their faces that she has gone.

EVANDER.—In a moment she will be here. She has shown herself to the people early to-day, for it may be that King Meneläus who has been travelling in a distant corner of Sparta will return before night.

(Unseen either by Paris or Evander Helen has slowly entered behind them while Paris was speaking. She is calm and dignified. Evander perceives her first, but it is the silence that falls suddenly upon them which gives Paris the premonition of her presence. He turns to meet her gaze with quiet confidence. The two look at each other for a moment without speaking. With a slight gesture of her hand, Helen dismisses her officer.)

HELEN.—You come to us as an envoy from Troy and the cities of the East?

PARIS.—It is they who send me here.

HELEN.—But their concern and yours is with King Meneläus, and not with me?

PARIS.—They have their concern of you too, for your fame has travelled far, and it may be by their unspoken wishes that I am here to pay a second homage.

HELEN.—What concern have these realms with me?

PARIS.—The concern that you give them. The image they form of you.

HELEN.—Do I give them these things? It is as if they had a right over me, almost as if you in their name had a right over me.

PARIS.—It is you who speak to the cities, not they to you. They are ever listening, and their senses are strangely alert. But they woo by silence.

HELEN.—I understand them and they me. Where there is understanding, all may follow. A word will create the spell of happiness; another word dropped like poison into a soul will spread over a whole kingdom and make it writhe in war. I understand my time, if my time understands me.

PARIS.—Understanding must come to it as the spring comes to intelligences that have been sleeping securely during the autumn.

HELEN.—There is a perfume of such a spring in your words, a sense of awakening. There comes to me the idea of a thought that has lain over-long in the quiet and peace, like the first point of a snowdrop stirring through the dead leaves that cover it.

PARIS.—That feeling too is with me. It seems to me that I have been exiled from my realm like a thought which is too powerful to inhabit the mind with peace. It must be sent forth wandering to satisfy that desire which enflames it, lest staying at home it should madden the whole mind. Alone in its strength and power it must make its way, it must realise the happiness it seeks or perish, unregretted and unwept, like an unavailing warrior whose bones are kissed by the sun.

HELEN.—Ah! but the hands go out unseen to welcome such an errant of loveliness. Each step of his journey is echoed in many hearts. His way is carpeted with garlands of impalpable dreams.

PARIS.—Yet none can help him.

HELEN.—No more than one can quicken the life blood at the heart of the dawn. (*Pause.*) There is a strange sense of silence about your words. They seem to fall out of stillness like birds out of the clear sky.

PARIS.—Your thoughts too are effortless and calm. You can watch things like a dreaming child, but you are not only made of dreams, and you are not a child. Behind all the peace, as one might see a violent action through a veil, move the ideas of war.

HELEN.—One wonders what it is against which one is in secret rebellion, against what enemy it may be that one longs to cast all the force of one's being.

PARIS.—A word sometimes will reveal him, stripping off the thin mask in which he is covered, and exposing the face radiant and triumphant as one would wish one's enemy to be.

HELEN.—A menace now embitters your words as if you had come here to do us an injury, as if you carried a mysterious poison about you, so subtle as to escape all our senses, a poison which would destroy our happiness and leave you at ease to rifle all its gold.

PARIS.—Who can say with what thoughts one's words are laden? One inspires them everywhere, tainted or purified, contemptuous or kind. I know that I am infected with the far-travelling fame of your beauty, faint images of which one perceives in the minds of many men. Nor do those ideas leave one, but they linger in the spirit. When I think of the many men I have known whose thoughts have turned towards you, I seem to be looking at you with a hundred eyes.

HELEN.—Touch too my hand. Now do I clasp the hand of many men whose envoy you so believe yourself to be. What is it but their lack of courage that keeps them from me?

(Enter Evander carrying the golden crown of the king upon a cushion.)

He is bringing the crown of the king whom we expect to-day from his journey.

(As Evander walks across the room, he stumbles, and the crown falls to the ground.)

O! he has dropped it! He has broken it! You shall die for this.

EVANDER *(crouching at her feet)*.—Mistress! mistress! pity! pity!

HELEN.—You shall die for this.

EVANDER.—Mercy! Queen, mercy!

(Helen claps her hands to call the guard of two soldiers who appear at once.)

HELEN.—Take him away.

(Exit Evander with guard. Helen picks up the crown.)

This is the holy crown of Sparta, full of the purest rubies of the East. Two of them are missing.

PARIS.—Here is one, and here is the other.

HELEN.—The sockets which held them are dented. It is a broken thing which I now hold in my hand. This is an omen. You bring us this omen. Is it not you?

PARIS.—Or the day that is passing, or anything that comes and goes.

HELEN.—You, who are you? One did not know of your existence an hour ago, and now you stand in the court of my king, filling the air with your scented words, and looking upon the broken crown of our land. O! what evil is coming to Sparta that you look at me so menacingly?

PARIS.—It is not with menace that I look at you. It is with the understanding that your beauty gives me.

HELEN.—My beauty, what right have you to speak of my beauty? It belongs to a thousand women far other than me—women who do not even know me, women who perhaps will never see me.

(Paris walks over towards the jewelled sword of King Meneläus, which is hanging upon the wall of the room. He examines it.)

PARIS.—His sword?

HELEN.—You must not touch it. It is more sacred than the crown. When he goes away from the palace, he leaves it there as the emblem of his will, which is the will of Sparta.

PARIS.—It is as if a third person had entered the room. Do you not feel the force of it? It is always others who compel us to see ourselves. It is others who come between us and our desires, so that we learn if we want them enough to take them.

HELEN.—You are right. We will not speak any more. You must leave me. The sword has cut away all the thoughts that were obscuring my spirit. See! I trample on them! I feel no longer a hundred ideas agitated in me. I feel only one.

PARIS.—It is the sword. The image of it is bound round your heart. You dare no longer be yourself. You press back the flowering heads of the thoughts that rise upward through your spirit.

HELEN.—No, it is not something vain and oppressive. It is something real. We women love the real things! We would chain ourselves to them, though the surge of life may pass over us, beating us, buffeting us.

PARIS.—But it is your spirit which must be held. None can lay hands on beauty, for that passes through all fingers like water or like flame. No man may hope to gather that to himself. It is fiercely contemptuous, and burns those who touch it with sacrilegious hands. It is vain even too much to admire it, for it consumes all lower things. It must be spent, it cannot be hoarded. Only by its death can it live. It must pour out of the soul never-ceasingly, like sunshine into the thirsty air.

HELEN.—His sword awakens faint echoes in my mind of the trampling of thousands of armed men. I can hear them coming on and on, stupid yet irresistible, a blind foolish force, like a wind-driven door shut in one's face. I feel like a white flower curled in indolent pride in their path, whose beauty can arrest them, filling the naïve faces with wonder and awe, their hot breath pouring upon it savage yet afraid.

PARIS.—One fears what one loves. Love is fear, a beautiful fear.

HELEN.—And courage—only misunderstanding? Is the world then, pierced to the heart by the sword of its gods? Is it then in agony, a tortured thing with all its beauties, but sighs, since to love is to be afraid?

PARIS.—It is a fear which one accepts with a smile like the terror of a child.

(Goes over to the sword and takes it down and holds it in his hands.)

HELEN.—What have you done? You have touched the sword.

PARIS.—How beautifully it is wrought! It is almost too fine a weapon to be the minister of death.

HELEN.—You have laid hands on Meneläus' sword in my court, before my eyes, and I am dumb. What magic do you bring with you, fair stranger, from beyond the mountains?

PARIS.—The magic of truth. It is a mirror I bring you to show you to yourself. And when you look upon the image you see there, you are silent out of wonder.

HELEN.—You speak freely. My good nature is not boundless.

PARIS.—It is not your good nature which suffers me to be here and allows me to speak to you as I do; it is something else in you which everyone feels, which saturates your very name so that it falls from the lips of men, rich in meaning.

HELEN.—And what is that?

PARIS.—Something in you that would rejoice and suffer, that knows no fear, that is free, something in you that cannot turn away from light.

HELEN.—And do you think you have shown that to me—who love all my beauty and am conscious of it in every atom of my body—for whom the day is not long enough and the nights of love too short?

PARIS.—How do you love your beauty then? Is it as a miser loves his gold?

HELEN.—Is it as a queen her kingdom? Is it as a mother her child whom she gives to the world with proud tears? Do you think I do not know its value and how it must all be given to others if it shall be of any worth to me?

PARIS.—Yet you stay in this silent palace and you close your ears to the call of the world.

HELEN.—When I hear that call I shall go.

PARIS.—Has no sound penetrated here? Has no morning dawned for you with a violent flush, full of summons and terror, no night evaporated into time leaving upon your soul an ineffaceable impulse?

HELEN.—Your words trouble me; they come from so far.

PARIS.—They trouble me, too.

HELEN.—What is happening? The moments are taking wings and flying fast. What is it that you have brought to our court? Some poison hides in your lips, some dangerous subtlety of your speech which infects the thoughts of others making them beautiful like things which are soon to die.

PARIS.—No, no, do not look at me. Look at yourself. Look into your own heart.

HELEN.—I cannot! I will not!

PARIS.—Bend a little the proud head, incline the eyes. Do not be afraid!

HELEN.—What is there? What shall I see?

PARIS.—Yourself. Do you fear yourself?

HELEN.—If I cannot look? If I will not? If I am saved by a forgotten tear? If an old sorrow has made me stronger than I imagine, one moment of my life of which you can know nothing, its memory buried so deep in me that I am scarcely aware of its existence?

PARIS.—I see no such thing in you. All is clear as crystal.

HELEN.—Your words dim it.

PARIS.—O no, it is not that.

HELEN.—Then if it is not that . . .

(A trumpet is heard off. Paris speaks to himself.)

It is the voice of my love speaking for me who cannot speak it yet. Terrible and strong it will be, like wild beasts, and tender as a flower. Whither will it cast me in the days to be when Helen shall drain all the life that must be hers, when I shall be as an ember held with her fingers to her unsatisfied heart?

(Then, speaking to Helen)

You seem afraid as if the trumpet had loosened a golden sound and driven it into your heart. You are pale and trembling. You no longer speak, as if all your words had been driven out of you and were lost, and you stand watching them fly away, desolate with grief-stricken arms. Clearly now I can see through your eyes into your spirit.

O give me your hand! It shall be but with the tips of my fingers that I touch you, for you seem so beautiful that I am afraid.

HELEN.—I feel as if all my words were set free and looked no more to me for guidance. There is only one escape, only one doorway.

PARIS.—Take it! Beyond is the illimitable air of the world.

(The trumpet sounds again.)

It is the King!

HELEN.—Yes, it is he.

PARIS.—Now there is little space in which our thoughts may move. The music of the clarion winds itself around us, pressing us closer and closer, till our hands, our fingers only surmount it. Ah, do not turn away! You cannot banish like that the thought which troubles you. It will pursue you all over the world taking a hundred different shapes, if you turn from it now. In flower, and in song you will perceive but the mourning emblems of the empire on which you would not set your seal as Queen. The beauty that the world asks back from you will fester in your heart. You will be so changed that all will fear you. Children will fly from you, and wild creatures turn away.

HELEN.—It is true. I am awakening from a long sleep. Be careful how you hold his sword.

PARIS.—It is very slender (*he bends it*), it would easily break. (*It breaks. Pause. They stand looking at each other.*)

HELEN.—You have broken it.

PARIS.—It broke easily. Of what are you afraid? Don't you see what has happened?

HELEN.—Yes, I see what has happened. You stand with the broken sword of my king in your hands, and I say no word.

PARIS.—Your thoughts tremble back into silence.

HELEN.—No, they are not frightened. They are at peace. So often have they roved from my heart. They are still, like children who are happy at eventide.

PARIS.—We trust each other with words. Your words and mine against the world.

HELEN.—They are strong with the blood of a thousand hearts. They do not lie.

PARIS.—They flutter before us like doves. Let us banish them, for they are less than ourselves.

HELEN.—So that in silence I regard you, looking at my future through your eyes. . . . I hear the sound of the soldiers' feet.

PARIS.—The King is coming.

HELEN.—He will be here in a moment. Even now you grow less strange to me. In the new joy that fills my heart are the memories of sweet homely things, remembered fragrances of the earth, the familiar perfume of roses, the gold of sunlight, the ghostly silver of the stars.

PARIS.—When the King comes he will know that something has happened in his absence very quickly, as it was bound to happen. He cannot be unprepared.

HELEN.—Yes, he will understand when he sees the sword.

(*Menelaüs enters quietly from behind them, and perceives his sword lying in two fragments on the floor.*)

MENELÄUS.—Who has broken my sword?

PARIS.—It broke in my hands. It was an accident.

MENELÄUS.—An accident! And who are you that bring about such accidents as this?

PARIS.—My name is Paris. I come from Troy and the cities in her suzerainty.

MENELÄUS.—How dare you break my sword? How dare you touch it?

PARIS.—It broke in my hands.

MENELÄUS.—Answer me! Answer me! Envoy from Troy. You will not speak. Helen, who is this youth whom you entertain, and into whose hands you place the honour of your husband, the honour of your country? You, too, are silent. O gods! what thing has happened since I have been away? Helen, if you are jesting with me, don't, for I am very weary after a long journey, and would have peace. O, you turn away from me as if I were an enemy. Am I then a thief in my own house?

Has something sinister happened in my absence that you dare not tell me? Has some evil fallen upon the kingdom? Is there a poison in the air that it will kill me if I take an incautious step to the right or to the left? Speak, speak, you two!

You are silent. Must I then be only welcomed on my return by my own words which seem to fall back from the roof and mock at me. Mockery and silence—those are the things that fill this tension. Something has happened, some evil has come to me. My happiness is to be shattered as my sword has been broken. Will you not speak, you two, you ghosts of yourselves standing over your own graves?

Must I become spectral, too, then, to converse with you and understand you? Must I put anger away, and pride and the love of my wife, and stand such another shade as yourselves ere you will admit me to your speech?

As a man I can lift no finger against you. My words pass through you as through air; my taunts would be lost in your silence.

If you then wish it, I will be such a pale shade as yourselves, as proud, as secure. Then this silence will be no more mysterious for me than for you. I, too, will enter the charmed circle, so cold, so white. (*Pause.*) O! not so cold and not so white, but scented as with the fragrance of

rose-leaves, and suffocating as the breath of wine, where I am no longer a stranger but an enemy.

Lovers! I know that music! Lovers! I see your faces! Lovers! I can hear the beating of your hearts. I can feel each pore of your beings closed tight against me, each sense sealed down against my senses with the seal of love. I see your eyes which will not see me. In vain would my words hope to penetrate your hearing.

I am alone.

Go you now out by different ways and meet while there is yet time, while I am still in the magic circle of your dreams. Go before the anger returns, the vain anger that cannot harm you since it cannot touch that which you cherish.

Go, while I breathe your breath, pulse with your pulsations, while the touch of your fever infects my blood and makes me too strange to be a man.

(Paris and Helen go out by different exits.)

Now they have gone, my strength will return, and I shall not be content to remain like a silent god with my unbearable grief. Blood must answer for this, and gold—the price of beauty.

A little while though I will bide alone with my sorrow, for a moment maybe the mightiest man in the world, for where is there such love of the world's fairest beauty as burns now here, where in all the earth are such great riches shut in so small a space?

(He pauses a moment in thought, then resolution returns to him.)

Guard there! Guard!

(Goes out quickly.)

END.

EDWARD STORER

STUDY : ON IMPRESSIONISM

NEW BOOKS AND CHRONICLES

A LIST OF RECENT BOOKS

ON IMPRESSIONISM ✓

I.

THESE are merely some notes towards a working guide to Impressionism as a literary method.

I do not know why I should have been especially asked to write about Impressionism ; even as far as literary Impressionism goes I claim no Papacy in the matter. A few years ago, if anybody had called me an Impressionist I should languidly have denied that I was anything of the sort or that I knew anything about the school, if there could be said to be any school. But one person and another in the last ten years has called me Impressionist with such persistence that I have given up resistance. I don't know ; I just write books, and if someone attaches a label to me I do not much mind.

I am not claiming any great importance for my work ; I daresay it is all right. At any rate, I am a perfectly self-conscious writer ; I know exactly how I get my effects, as far as those effects go. Then, if I am in truth an Impressionist, it must follow that a conscientious and exact account of how I myself work will be an account, from the inside, of how Impressionism is reached, produced, or gets its effects. I can do no more.

This is called egotism ; but, to tell the truth, I do not see how Impressionism can be anything else. Probably this school differs from other schools, principally, in that it recognises, frankly, that all art must be the expression of an ego, and that if Impressionism is to do anything, it must, as the phrase is, go the whole hog. The difference between the description of a grass by the agricultural correspondent

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of the *Times* newspaper and the description of the same grass by Mr W. H. Hudson is just the difference—the measure of the difference between the egos of the two gentlemen. The difference between the description of any given book by a sound English reviewer and the description of the same book by some foreigner attempting Impressionist criticism is again merely a matter of the difference in the ego.

Mind, I am not saying that the non-Impressionist productions may not have their values—their very great values. The Impressionist gives you his own views, expecting you to draw deductions, since presumably you know the sort of chap he is. The agricultural correspondent of the *Times*, on the other hand—and a jolly good writer he is—attempts to give you, not so much his own impressions of a new grass as the factual observations of himself and of as many as possible other sound authorities. He will tell you how many blades of the new grass will grow upon an acre, what height they will attain, what will be a reasonable tonnage to expect when green, when sun-dried in the form of hay or as ensilage. He will tell you the fattening value of the new fodder in its various forms and the nitrogenous value of the manure dropped by the so-fattened beasts. He will provide you, in short, with reading that is quite interesting to the layman, since all facts are interesting to men of good will; and the agriculturist he will provide with information of real value. Mr. Hudson, on the other hand, will give you nothing but the pleasure of coming in contact with his temperament, and I doubt whether, if you read with the greatest care his description of false sea-buckthorn (*hippophae rhamnoides*) you would very willingly recognise that greenish-grey plant, with the spines and the berries like reddish amber, if you came across it.

Or again—so at least I was informed by an editor the other day—the business of a sound English reviewer is to make the readers of the paper understand exactly what sort of a book it is that the reviewer is writing about. Said the editor in question: "You have no idea how many readers your paper will lose if you employ one of those brilliant chaps who write readable articles about books. You will get yourself deluged with letter after letter from subscribers saying they have bought a book on the strength of articles in your paper; that the book isn't in the least what they expected, and that therefore they withdraw their subscriptions." What the sound English reviewer, therefore, has

to do is to identify himself with the point of view of as large a number of readers of the journal for which he may be reviewing, as he can easily do, and then to give them as many facts about the book under consideration as his allotted space will hold. To do this he must sacrifice his personality, and the greater part of his readability. But he will probably very much help his editor, since the great majority of readers do not want to read anything that any reasonable person would want to read; and they do not want to come into contact with the personality of the critic, since they have obviously never been introduced to him.

The ideal critic, on the other hand—as opposed to the so-exemplary reviewer—is a person who can so handle words that from the first three phrases any intelligent person—any foreigner, that is to say, and any one of three inhabitants of these islands—any intelligent person will know at once the sort of chap that he is dealing with. Letters of introduction will therefore be unnecessary, and the intelligent reader will know pretty well what sort of book the fellow is writing about because he will know the sort of fellow the fellow is. I don't mean to say that he would necessarily trust his purse, his wife, or his mistress to the Impressionist critic's care. But that is not absolutely necessary. The ambition, however, of my friend the editor was to let his journal give the impression of being written by those who could be trusted with the wives and purses—not, of course, the mistresses, for there would be none—of his readers.

You will, perhaps, be beginning to see now what I am aiming at—the fact that Impressionism is a frank expression of personality; the fact that non-Impressionism is an attempt to gather together the opinions of as many reputable persons as may be and to render them truthfully and without exaggeration. (The Impressionist must always exaggerate.)

II.

Let us approach this matter historically—as far as I know anything about the history of Impressionism, though I must warn you that I am a shockingly ill-read man. Here, then, are some examples: do you know, for instance, Hogarth's drawing of the watchman with the pike over

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his shoulder and the dog at his heels going in at a door, the whole being executed in four lines? Here it is:



Now, that is the high-watermark of Impressionism; since, if you look at those lines for long enough, you will begin to see the watchman with his slouch hat, the handle of the pike coming well down into the cobble-stones, the knee-breeches, the leathern garters strapped round his stocking, and the surly expression of the dog, which is bull-hound with a touch of mastiff in it.

You may ask why, if Hogarth saw all these things, did he not put them down on paper, and all that I can answer is that he made this drawing for a bet. Moreover why, if you can see all these things for yourself, should Hogarth bother to put them down on paper? You might as well contend that Our Lord ought to have delivered a lecture on the state of primary education in the Palestine of the year 32 or thereabouts, together with the statistics of rickets and other infantile diseases caused by neglect and improper feeding—a disquisition in the manner of Mrs Sidney Webb. He preferred, however, to say: "It were better that a millstone were put about his neck and he were cast into the deep sea." The statement is probably quite incorrect; the statutory punishment either here or in the next world has probably nothing to do with millstones and so on, but Our Lord was, you see, an Impressionist, and knew His job pretty efficiently. It is probable that He did not have access to as many Blue Books or white papers as the leaders of the Fabian Society, but, from His published utterances, one gathers that He had given a good deal of thought to the subject of children.

I am not in the least joking—and God forbid that I should be thought irreverent because I write like this. The point that I really wish to make is, once again, that—that the Impressionist gives you, as a rule, the fruits of his own observations and the fruits of his own

observations alone. He should be in this as severe and as solitary as any monk. It is what he is in the world for. It is, for instance, not so much his business to quote as to state his impressions—that the Holy Scriptures are a good book, or a rotten book, or contain passages of good reading interspersed with dulness; or suggest gems in a cavern, the perfumes of aromatic woods burning in censers, or the rush of the feet of camels crossing the deep sands, or the shrill sounds of long trumpets borne by archangels—clear sounds of brass like those in that funny passage in “Aida.”

The passage in prose, however, which I always take as a working model—and in writing this article I am doing no more than showing you the broken tools and bits of oily rag which form my brains, since once again I must disclaim writing with any authority on Impressionism—this passage in prose occurs in a story by de Maupassant called *La Reine Hortense*. I spent, I suppose, a great part of ten years in grubbing up facts about Henry VIII. I worried about his parentage, his diseases, the size of his shoes, the price he gave for kitchen implements, his relation to his wives, his knowledge of music, his proficiency with the bow. I amassed, in short, a great deal of information about Henry VIII. I wanted to write a long book about him, but Mr. Pollard, of the British Museum, got the commission and wrote the book probably much more soundly. I then wrote three long novels all about that Defender of the Faith. But I really know—so delusive are reported facts—nothing whatever. Not one single thing! Should I have found him affable, or terrifying, or seductive, or royal, or courageous? There are so many contradictory facts; there are so many reported interviews, each contradicting the other, so that really all that I *know* about this king could be reported in the words of Maupassant, which, as I say, I always consider as a working model. Maupassant is introducing one of his characters, who is possibly gross, commercial, overbearing, insolent; who eats, possibly, too much greasy food; who wears commonplace clothes—a gentleman about whom you might write volumes if you wanted to give the facts of his existence. But all that de Maupassant finds it necessary to say is: “C’était un monsieur à favoris rouges qui entraît toujours le premier.”

And that is all that I *know* about Henry VIII.—that he was a gentleman with red whiskers who always went first through a door.

III.

Let us now see how these things work out in practice. I have a certain number of maxims, gained mostly in conversation with Mr Conrad, which form my working stock-in-trade. I stick to them pretty generally; sometimes I throw them out of the window and just write whatever comes. But the effect is usually pretty much the same. I guess I must be fairly well drilled by this time and function automatically, as the Americans say. The first two of my maxims are these:

Always consider the impressions that you are making upon the mind of the reader, and always consider that the first impression with which you present him will be so strong that it will be all that you can ever do to efface it, to alter it or even quite slightly to modify it. Maupassant's gentleman with red whiskers, who always pushed in front of people when it was a matter of going through a doorway, will remain, for the mind of the reader, that man and no other. The impression is as hard and as definite as a tin-tack. And I rather doubt whether, supposing Maupassant represented him afterwards as kneeling on the ground to wipe the tears away from a small child who had lost a penny down a drain—I doubt whether such a definite statement of fact would ever efface the first impression from the reader's mind. They would think that the gentleman with the red whiskers was perpetrating that act of benevolence with ulterior motives—to impress the bystanders, perhaps.

Maupassant, however, uses physical details more usually as a method of introduction of his characters than I myself do. I am inclined myself, when engaged in the seductive occupation, rather to strike the keynote with a speech than with a description of personality, or even with an action. And, for that purpose, I should set it down, as a rule, that the first speech of a character you are introducing should always be a generalisation—since generalisations are the really strong indications of character. Putting the matter exaggeratedly, you might say that, if a gentleman sitting opposite you in the train remarked to you: "I see the Tories have won Leith Boroughs," you would have practically no guide to that gentleman's character. But, if he said: "Them bloody Unionists have crept into Leith because the Labourites,

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damn them, have taken away 1,100 votes from us," you would know that the gentleman belonged to a certain political party, had a certain social status, a certain degree of education and a certain amount of impatience.

It is possible that such disquisitions on Impressionism in prose fiction may seem out of place in a journal styled POETRY AND DRAMA. But I do not think they are. For Impressionism, differing from other schools of art, is founded so entirely on observation of the psychology of the patron—and the psychology of the patron remains constant. Let me, to make things plainer, present you with a quotation. Sings Tennyson :

"And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheeled or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beady eyes."

Now that is no doubt very good natural history, but it is certainly not Impressionism, since no one watching a bat at dusk could see the ermine, the wool or the beadiness of the eyes. These things you might read about in books, or observe in the museum or at the Zoological Gardens. Or you might pick up a dead bat upon the road. But to import into the record of observations of one moment the observations of a moment altogether different is not Impressionism. For Impressionism is a thing altogether momentary.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. It is perfectly possible that the remembrance of a former observation may colour your impression of the moment, so that if Tennyson had said :

"And we remembered they have ermine capes,"

he would have remained within the canons of Impressionism. But that was not his purpose, which, whatever it was, was no doubt praiseworthy in the extreme, because his heart was pure. It is, however, perfectly possible that a piece of Impressionism should give a sense of two, of three, of as many as you will, places, persons, emotions, all going on simultaneously in the emotions of the writer. It is, I mean, perfectly possible for a sensitised person, be he poet or prose writer, to have the sense, when he is in one room, that he is in another, or when he is speaking to one person he may be so intensely haunted by the memory or desire for another person that he may be absent-minded or distraught. And there is nothing in the canons of Impressionism, as I know it, to

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stop the attempt to render those superimposed emotions. Indeed, I suppose that Impressionism exists to render those queer effects of real life that are like so many views seen through bright glass—through glass so bright that whilst you perceive through it a landscape or a backyard, you are aware that, on its surface, it reflects a face of a person behind you. For the whole of life is really like that; we are almost always in one place with our minds somewhere quite other.

And it is, I think, only Impressionism that can render that peculiar effect; I know, at any rate, of no other method. It has, this school, in consequence, certain quite strong canons, certain quite rigid unities that must be observed. The point is that any piece of Impressionism, whether it be prose, or verse, or painting, or sculpture, is the record of the impression of a moment; it is not a sort of rounded, annotated record of a set of circumstances—it is the record of the recollection in your mind of a set of circumstances that happened ten years ago—or ten minutes. It might even be the impression of the moment—but it is the impression, not the corrected chronicle. I can make what I mean most clear by a concrete instance.

Thus an Impressionist in a novel, or in a poem, will never render a long speech of one of his characters verbatim, because the mind of the reader would at once lose some of the illusion of the good faith of the narrator. The mind of the reader will say: "Hullo, this fellow is faking this. He cannot possibly remember such a long speech word for word." The Impressionist, therefore, will only record his impression of a long speech. If you will try to remember what remains in your mind of long speeches you heard yesterday, this afternoon or five years ago, you will see what I mean. If to-day, at lunch at your club, you heard an irascible member making a long speech about the fish, what you remember will not be his exact words. However much his proceedings will have amused you, you will not remember his exact words. What you will remember is that he said that the sole was not a sole, but a blank, blank, blank plaice; that the cook ought to be shot, by God he ought to be shot. The plaice had been out of the water two years, and it had been caught in a drain: all that there was of Dieppe about this Sole Dieppoise was something that you cannot remember. You will remember this gentleman's starting eyes, his grunts between words, that he was fond of saying "damnable, damnable,

damnable." You will also remember that the man at the same table with you was talking about morals, and that your boots were too tight, whilst you were trying, in your under mind, to arrange a meeting with some lady. . . .

So that, if you had to render that scene or those speeches for purposes of fiction, you would not give a word for word re-invention of sustained sentences from the gentleman who was dissatisfied; or if you were going to invent that scene, you would not so invent those speeches and set them down with all the panoply of inverted commas, notes of exclamation. No, you would give an impression of the whole thing, of the snorts, of the characteristic exclamation, of your friend's disquisition on morals, a few phrases of which you would intersperse into the monologue of the gentleman dissatisfied with his sole. And you would give a sense that your feet were burning, and that the lady you wanted to meet had very clear and candid eyes. You would give a little description of her hair. . . .

In that way you would attain to the sort of odd vibration that scenes in real life really have; you would give your reader the impression that he was witnessing something real, that he was passing through an experience. . . . You will observe also that you will have produced something that is very like a Futurist picture—not a Cubist picture, but one of those canvases that show you in one corner a pair of stays, in another a bit of the foyer of a music hall, in another a fragment of early morning landscape, and in the middle a pair of eyes, the whole bearing the title of "A Night Out." And, indeed, those Futurists are only trying to render on canvas what Impressionists *tel que moi* have been trying to render for many years. (You may remember Emma's love scene at the cattle show in *Madame Bovary*.)

Do not, I beg you, be led away by the English reviewer's cant phrase to the effect that the Futurists are trying to be literary and the plastic arts can never be literary. Les Jeunes of to-day are trying all sorts of experiments, in all sorts of media. And they are perfectly right to be trying them.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

(*To be continued.*)

NEW BOOKS

(Full details of any of the volumes mentioned in this section are given in the *Book Lists* at the end of each issue of POETRY AND DRAMA.)

ENGLISH POETRY

PASTEBOARD COVERS

IT would be no use trying to work up any great excitement about the poetry published this quarter. There is little to quote, less (if the use of Mr Galloway Kyle's expression be not too bad a joke) to "enthuse over." Out of the sixty or so volumes, however, a full dozen may be worth the attention of the reader of intelligence. The obsession that verse is *greater* than prose is still paramount, and hundreds of people (usually female) of inferior imagination seek to gain distinction for their thoughts by clothing them in rhymed jingle and a pasteboard cover. These comments are certainly not prompted by acrimony. If one be in love with poetry, can one prevent one's self disparaging its hateful counterfeit? And no honest-hearted person should object to being called a bad poet; only the basely vain will hiss and spit. There are dozens of other things to be besides Poet—tinker, tailor, soldier, etc., and all vocations may be well and ornamentally followed without writing verse. But the greatest profession for a person of clean and honest heart is living, and the most difficult. It is far easier to write verses about life than to live it simply and adventurously. Composing verses may be a jolly recreation, especially if one has friends who will listen to them—writing interesting poetry is another matter, being any kind of a poet another yet, and being a good poet . . . plenty has been written of that.

MODERN INSPIRATION

This is not a time of *great* poetry. There are no dominating figures, few prolific producers, but a multitude of clever verse-writers, so *clever*, some of them, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the charlatan.

One should, if one is to preserve a clear judgment, be constantly reading the great poetry of the past and testing the new by it. Not that I would seek to classify current poetry according to its probable longevity. Critics frequently pose themselves the question: "Is it immortal?" They had better leave posterity its own discoveries. "Is it mortal?" were a more important question. Is it the transcription of personal emotions, or a composite of imagined ones, a counterfeit, a fake? For the fake in literature is as usual now as in commerce. The poet has left his innocence far behind. He is, as it were, discovered. He mistrusts his own inspiration. Romance is so much twaddle; fact is mere science; nature can look after herself (we have learnt to enjoy the skylark without the poet's help; he can apparently tell us nothing new about it that we require to know). Like Hodge, he has been driven to the city. There he seeks a new inspiration, and if he cannot find it soon, with the impetuosity of the hustled townsman, he will manufacture it.

"Now," writes Arthur Quiller-Couch, "the Poet's way of apprehending the Universal is by keeping true to himself, attending to his soul's inner harmony, and listening, waiting, brooding with a 'wise passiveness' until the moment when his and the larger harmony fall into tune together." Again, "Poetry," writes Shelley, "is not, like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man cannot say, *I will compose poetry*." And again Quiller-Couch: "Nor does our Poet, unless he is a charlatan, pretend to bring home some hieratic message above the understanding of his fellows: for he is an interpreter. . . ."

Poetry, by
Arthur Quil-
ler - Couch
(Fellowship
Books, 2/-
net).

SIX BOOKS

The six publications to which I must give principal consideration this quarter divide themselves naturally into two groups. Three of them may be loosely classed together under the arbitrary term "Georgian"; that is, they belong to the tradition of English poetry, continuing in spirit and form the natural sequence of its development. These are:

New Numbers (by Lascelles Abercrombie, John Drinkwater, Rupert Brooke, Wilfred Wilson Gibson).

The Sea is Kind (by T. Sturge Moore).

The Two Blind Countries (by Rose Macaulay).

New Books

The other three are actually of less importance, if potentially of greater significance, for the fact that they emanate from rebels and are wilfully, precociously, provocatively outside the tradition. These are :

Imagistes (an Anthology).

Creation : Post-Impressionist Poems (by Horace Holley).

Cubist Poems (by Max Weber).

"GEORGIANS"

New Numbers is a co-operative quarterly publication of which I have before me the first two issues. Out of the 108 pages 58 are assigned to Lascelles Abercrombie, and undoubtedly the most interesting thing (See p. 190) in them is his play (in No. 2), "The End of the World." But, like most of his other work, it emanates rather from the intellect than from the imagination. Its conception is clear ; its technique is adequate ; its detail is full and rich, but it leaves a final impression rather of manufacture than of inevitable inspiration. It is the precise opposite of impressionism. Detail brims over from its lines. It is difficult, hard, tough. One imagines the average reader baffled by it. Even the rhythm of his blank verse, so individually his own, is an obstacle. In this play, as in most of his others (Deborah being a notable exception), all the characters speak in the same manner. They do not seem like separate persons. The exigencies of a new blank verse and the thoughts in the author's own mind obliterate the details of their personal emotions. It is to be hoped that he will leave the dramatic form for a while. One wishes that the *Imagistes* might permit themselves to be more natural, might trim their thought down less ; one desires Mr Abercrombie, on the other hand, to expand his less, to convey his emotions by hint or atmosphere as often, at least, as by complicated detail.

Yet, if his characters speak mostly in the same manner, certainly their collective speech is different to any other in modern literature. Like John Masefield, he is conferring a great service by the wholesale introduction of colloquial words into our poetic language. The aims of the *Imagistes* were set forth in POETRY AND DRAMA, No. 2. It is interesting to have this opportunity of comparing their methods with those of the four poets who have combined in the production of *New Numbers*. John Drinkwater still confines himself to the traditional

language of poetry. W. W. Gibson and Rupert Brooke, like Lascelles Abercrombie, are palpably on the side of an increasing freedom of vocabulary. So far, however, each with one exception, they are scarcely well represented. The former is almost at his best in a poem called "The Gorse." But his tendency towards the commonplace and the sentimental is becoming very marked. Rupert Brooke in "Heaven" (See p. 191) reproduces the best ironical style of his earlier poems. The bad commercial organisation of *New Numbers* is to be noted. It is, on the one hand, neither actually reserved for special private circulation, nor, on the other, properly distributed to the trade; review copies are sent out, and the public is stimulated to buy it, but given no clear idea as to how it is to be obtained.

IMAGISTES

While the poets of *New Numbers* are enlarging the scope of English poetic language, the *Imagistes* are at present narrowing it. It is curious that our most studious experimenters in free rhythms should belong to the most exotic and esoteric group of the time. Their poetry is for students of technique; the general public is only admitted by favour. Their inspiration, with a few exceptions, is Greek, Roman, Japanese, Chinese, French, German, anything but English. The American section of the group is less exotic, but seldom less esoteric. At present the *Imagistes* are accomplishing more in theory and precept than in practice. Technically their volume is of immense interest and importance, æsthetically of great delight. As a representative compilation of the work of the group (F. S. Flint perhaps excepted) it is gravely deficient. Some of the best poems of Ford Madox Hueffer, Ezra Pound, and W. C. Williams are, however, I presume, purposely excluded that the volume may more strictly represent the theories of its compilers. I am glad at least that Ezra Pound's "The Return," undoubtedly his best poem, is there. The poems of Richard Aldington and of H. D. appear for the first time in book form. Faint, shadowy, cool, almost, it must be said, mellifluous, their few words enmesh images, hint, imply, suggest; seek, while never too hotly pursuing, find, but never definitely articulate; hold you out their meaning, but withhold it before you grasp; tantalize you if you are dull, irritate you if you are violent, exasperate you if you are blunt or too English. F. S. Flint is scarcely less subtle, but far more definite.

New Books

He, like the others, is probably over-reticent; his work is genuine, careful and attractive, but not memorable. The poetry of Ezra Pound has often been discussed in the pages of this periodical. Ford Madox Hueffer is the most fluent of the group, though it might not appear so from the single poem by which he is represented here. Those who choose to read *New Numbers* and the *Imagistes Anthology* will have a fair chance of estimating for themselves the two newest and most forward movements in English poetry.

T. STURGE MOORE

T. Sturge Moore is well represented in his new volume. Of its sixty-nine poems twenty-one have never been printed before, thirteen have appeared in periodicals, and the remainder were included in previous volumes dating back as far even as *The Vinedresser* (1899). In "The Sea is Kind," which occupies its first 30 pages, Mr Moore has once again expressed himself through the personalities of a group of semi-realistic mythical and idyllic figures, nymphs, goatherds and shepherds, talking a rhythmical language (peculiarly his own), ejaculating comments on life and human nature, breaking suddenly into long digressive descriptions: he has created a little fabulous world, apparently far away, actually in the very centre of our own. The (See p. 194) poems chosen for quotation represent him, I think, in his very best mood, though the first two are reprinted from a child-volume, *The Little School* (1905; now out of print). The first represents what the poet, though possessing abundantly, often neglects to express, namely, an instinctive joy in lifeless objects, an intimacy with their use, exact knowledge of their significance, a love, approaching adoration, for them as emblems of the life of man. The second and third are like little hymns in praise of the human creature, blood, limb and muscle, soul and deed. Unlike that of Imagistes and other modern groups, Mr Sturge Moore's manner is, at its best, that of the simple and pure song, well rhymed, happy and attractive. *At its best*, I think; but more than half his verse is rather difficult reading, and presupposes in the reader a knowledge of the classical myths, which is a disadvantage.

AN INTERESTING WOMAN-POET

The poetry of Rose Macaulay, which may have been noticed by those who read the *Westminster* and the *Spectator* (her six novels are known

to a considerable public) comes to us in its collected form as a lovely surprise; her first book is one which I find it difficult to describe in the restrained manner necessary in such a composition as this Chronicle. Her "blind countries" are the two regions, neither defined nor exactly perceived, of reality and dream. We are living partially in each; we are never precisely aware of their boundaries, and we step unexpectedly, at any moment, over from one into the other. She writes in the Cambridge manner; she is of the school of Rupert Brooke and Frances Cornford: also the influence of Walter de la Mare is not merely apparent, but quite obvious. I am quoting at some length (See p. 197) from this book, and I should like to quote more still: I find it peculiarly pleasant and stimulating. Her verse forms are mostly regular; her technique is not particularly strong: one of its few surprises consisting in crowded syllables, protracted rhythm and delayed stresses often in the penultimate lines of stanzas where an ordinary iambic line might have been expected, imitative, doubtless unconsciously, of Mr de la Mare. This poetry is impressionistic without being impressionism. I should think Miss Macaulay has little aptitude for writing in free verse; she is evidently helped by rhyme and rule, and whereas the poetry of most free-verse-writers is subjective, and the impression and expression are represented as coincident, most of this is objective, and will be looked upon by the free-verse-writer as mere literary exercise. But Miss Macaulay has a technique of idea such, I think, as may be found in no current free verse except possibly in that of some of the Imagistes.

CUBIST POEMS

Max Weber, for instance (but we are given to understand in the Foreword to his book that he is still a beginner), thinks in so disordered a manner that he can scarcely be taken seriously. Yet it is well indeed that experimenters should carry on the spade-work without intermission. Some of Mr Weber's work strikes me as mere thin Whitmanese. About ten of his poems read genuine enough, and are interesting.

"POST-IMPRESSIONIST" POEMS

I find, however, Horace Holley's poems among the most interesting (See p. 199) this quarter. Why can he have called them "post-impressionist"? As applied to Mr Holley's poetry the term seems even more meaning-

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less than usual. Here is that rare creature, a modern English free-verse-writer, who does not apparently despise his public, keeps his tongue out of his cheek, and insists on being taken seriously. His inspiration is principally, but not necessarily, urban; he is cosmical, but not excessively. I have returned to his book several times, and, unlike most of its kind, it stands re-reading. Influences are slight; there is little Whitman and less Browning. Mr Holley watches nature and natural events with the eyes of a man of the new world. His sensibility is modern; his worst fault is probably carelessness. If I thought he would stop here I would be loath to praise him, but from his attitude one may judge he will surely develop.

Norman Gale, on the other hand, is stationary, and apparently contented to remain so. I hope I have not done him an injustice in (See p. 201) quoting so short an extract; yet I believe it represents his actual position. His poetry has admirers. He is by preference unoriginal. One may read his 240 pages of Collected Poems, but there will be absolutely nothing to say about them.

IRISH POETS

There is a little batch, chiefly held over from last quarter, of seven volumes by Irish poets. There are people who desire so much to like poetry from Ireland that they keep themselves, by preference, indifferent to its faults, just as there are people who at the mere sound of certain literary names will raise a pæan of grandiloquent praise, just as there are people who, if poetry looks or sounds very simple, or if it be Roman Catholic, or if it lilt like some old popular song, cry out immediately that it is admirable. Thus Katharine Tynan has a following, but her verse has become so commonplace, sentimental and monotonous, that one guesses those who praise it must have fallen into an insouciant dreamy habit of doing so without realising what their own words mean. (See p. 202) *Irishry*, by Joseph Campbell, is, however, an entertaining set of impressions by a close observer and keen patriot. "Hardly a corner of Ireland," he writes, in his Preface, "but has contributed something to this pageant of types that stand for the nation to-day"; and "Artists are fortunate in that the colour of Irish life is still radiant. . . . There is blood everywhere. . . ." Mr Campbell's local colour is strong, but not brilliant.

Irishry, and Susan L. Mitchell's *Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland* are, I think, the most interesting books of the batch. (See p. 203) I am quoting from the latter a page of most pleasant satire, and may any amateur theatre-manager have a laugh at himself!

Thomas MacDonagh's *Lyrical Poems* are beautifully produced (except for their cover). They are restrained and very careful. He uses words almost with fear. I cannot find beauty in them. Mrs Shorter's narrative poem, "Madge Lindsey," has received complimentary praise in the press. Its rhythm has some interest, but the story is not a good one, nor does it carry conviction, not being the product either of inner experience, or of accurate observation, or right imagination.

The chief interest of most of these Irish books is in their Hibernianism. Ireland having produced a modern literature of her own, it is well the tradition should be carried on by a number of minor poets. Modern Scotch "Poesy" is mostly the worst stuff, and Ireland is to be congratulated (quite apart from her two or three excellent living poets) on maintaining a much higher standard than Scotland.

R. C. Trevelyan's operatic fable, *The New Parsifal*, is difficult to read, but I think it is worth perseverance. It hardly compares with similar dramatic skits of the standard of, for instance, John Davidson's "Scaramouch in Naxos"; some of Gilbert also is surely more powerful: nevertheless there is good fun in it.

Among the five new books in the Vigo Cabinet Series, Margaret Cropper's verses show some originality; Edmund Vale's "Elfin Chants" are too strongly influenced by Poe, but the four "Railway Rhythms" at the end of his volume are something new, and if he develops this vein he should write poems that would make good reading aloud.

In Griffyth Fairfax's *Horns of Taurus* I do not find anything that I much like; but his volume of "clerihews," *Sideslips: A Collection of Unposted Postscripts, Admissions and Asides*, has some amusing things, particularly the "Matrimonial Series" and the three entitled "The Perfect Host."

(See p. 204)

For the rest, there is some very horrible rubbish this quarter; verse that is so derived that one gasps; verse that is so commonplace that

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one drops to sleep reading it. Wilfred Thorley's *Florentine Vignettes* are better than most of it. They are probably old work ; he has some good ideas, but his use of the Hiawatha metre can scarcely be numbered among them. In Robert Calignoc's *Odd Numbers* there is occasional intelligence mixed with much arrogant bluster. The usual big volume of narrative poems comes, this time, from Charles Stratford Catty. These are not up to the standard even of Herbert Sherring's volume last quarter. Mr. Catty's chief influence is plainly Browning. Finally the Rev. E. E. Bradford publishes a narrative poem, "In Quest of Love," describing his adventures among boys through Europe, Northern Africa and the Near East, together with other homosexual poems of no particular merit, but certainly more daring than the similar ones in his last volume.

I do not think I have passed over anything that was worth noticing. Most of the books I have not mentioned (apart from those intentionally held over) cannot well be of interest to others than their authors themselves, and a few relations and friends. The books issued by Mr Galloway Kyle under the trade name of Erskine Macdonald I am unable to judge, as they are all withheld from me because this periodical once contained remarks which he interpreted as sneers at one of his authors. Mr Kyle's motives are admittedly commercial, yet he is wronging both himself and his authors. One of the guiding principles of this paper is candour ; he should grasp that, were he by chance to publish some good poetry, he would be depriving it of what in trade phraseology is called a "free advertisement." The copy of *A Cluster of Grapes*, noticed below by Mr Thomas, had to be bought.

I am glad at all times to receive letters from authors who consider themselves unfairly treated. The sale of minor poetry is of course very hard to influence ; the public is not usually misguided in judging average fiction more interesting than average poetry. It is important, however, that the qualities of the latter should be discussed often, impartially, and as openly as possible, and any points raised by correspondents will receive attention, if they seem worth it, in these quarterly notes ; though I must add that my space is limited.

HAROLD MONRO

REPRINTS AND ANTHOLOGIES

THE anthologist should take either the best things, or the representative things, or everything of a particular kind or several kinds. He should offer us what we lack, skill or opportunity to find for ourselves, or he should make an arrangement of pieces in order to give us some special pleasure or to drive home some point. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" virtually told the multitude what it ought to like. The culture of a whole age lay behind it. It was useful and delightful, and it was a force. It earned popularity. Mr E. V. Lucas' "Open Road" was a graceful arrangement, genially broken up. It bore the mark of personality and a purpose. It also earned popularity. The "Early English Lyrics" of Messrs. E. K. Chambers and Arthur Sidgwick was the work of special knowledge accompanied by taste. But nobody without special knowledge could for more than a short time pretend to enjoy many things in it. It could not become popular. There are no such books before me.

The editor, who is also the publisher, of *A Cluster of Grapes: A Book of 20th Century Poetry* (Erskine Macdonald, 3s. 6d. net), does not reveal any authority, skill, or novel idea. One of his claims is that he is not running a clique, the implication being that "Georgian Poetry" was the work of a clique, although it is a fact that the contributors were not personally known, when it was made, either to one another or to the editor. Now a clique is interesting, but Mr Macdonald does not represent a clique. Neither does he represent the whole age. For though he includes many good names—too many old-established names—and some interesting ones, nobody who knew the ground, and was not commercially concerned, would claim that these poets are either the best or the most characteristic that could be fitted into a hundred pages. They are A. E., A. C. Benson, Anna Bunston, G. K. Chesterton, Frances Cornford, John Galsworthy, Eva Gore-Booth, John Gurdon, Thomas Hardy, Ralph Hodgson, W. G. Hole, Laurence Houseman, Emilia Stuart Lorimer, James Mackereth, Walter de la Mare, Alice Meynell, Will Ogilvie, Stephen Phillips, Eden Phillpotts, D. Sigerson Shorter, Arthur Symons, Evelyn Underhill, and Margaret L. Woods. The poets themselves have chosen the poems. Within the book Mr Macdonald does not call these the "foremost" poets. In fact, he regrets "the absence abroad" of potential contributors who would also have been foremost, and, conscious of the incompleteness, he hints on the wrapper that other volumes may follow. The advertisements, however, plainly state that these are "the twenty-three foremost living poets." This may not be the serious statement of Mr Galloway Kyle, but the exaggeration of the advertisement department of Mr Erskine Macdonald. Such exaggeration is customary among advertisers of goods that do not recommend themselves, and

is inconsistent with the remark that "the finest lyric work of our day needs no further introduction." The advertiser, in fact, is not addressing the same "discriminating lovers of the high poetry that is the touchstone of beauty" as the editor. They might know that this "Cluster" had long been forestalled by the larger clusters of Miss Royde Smith and Mr Walter Jerrold. He is addressing rather those who are willing to take the advertiser's word this is a book "to enthuse over." The plain fact is that it contains chiefly good or interesting things, yet as whole is uninteresting and unnecessary, because it is without principle or personality. Anyone could have made such an anthology, though perhaps no one else would have said he had "collated" it.

Mr Ernest Rhys' "*New Golden Treasury*" (Dent, 1/- net) is a very different thing from the old, setting aside the fact that it is supplementary, and gives many examples from periods before and after Palgrave began and left off. It is, of course, very interesting; it contains specimens from "Regions Cæsar never knew"; and the person who really masters it and Palgrave will be a paragon of taste and learning. But, as Mr Rhys says, his boundaries "are more open." He has doubtless always pleased himself. The difficulty is that he has done it in a hundred different ways. He has anthologised "as the linnet sings." Whether the culture of an age or a decade is behind it, I don't pronounce. But I feel that a great many people could have produced a similar cornucopiæ with the help, of course, of Mr Rhys' "fine, careless rapture." It is too good, too rich, too sweet. On the other hand, it has to be remembered that the name of Mr Rhys and of "Everyman" will insinuate all this various beauty into the ends and depths of the earth, and really the only pity is that he has been able to include so few recent poets, and mostly those very well known.

Mr C. B. Wheeler has edited Palgrave's "*Golden Treasury*" (Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d. net.) with additional poems which include the whole of Fitzgerald's "Omar," Arnold's "Scholar Gypsy," Morris' "Haystack in the Floods," etc. Mr Rhys has tried to use "the singing note in the verse" as a test. Mr Wheeler has been less embarrassed. His business is with notes, of which he gives two hundred pages. Some are good, as where he points out lines omitted or meddled with by Palgrave, though he does not reinstate these lines. Wherever he gives information briefly he is good, but this he cannot always do. Thus the note to "To stoop to your fist," is "To come at your call like a hawk in the mediæval sport of fowling," which seems to me cumbrous, and either unnecessary or not precise enough. Then when he translates "dissolve me into ecstacies" by "'melt me into transports,' sc. of religious fervour," I do not see that he helps Milton. And how many children, even if they believe him, will be the wiser for hearing that, historically, of course, the birth of Christ cannot have taken place in the winter? Mr Wheeler also suffers from the necessity of very often saying this kind of thing: "As a recognition of his poetical merit, an

appreciative government made him an exciseman in 1789." This is less useful than the eulogies which he has cut out of Palgrave's notes. It is scarcely more accurate to say that "with a hey and a ho" is "one of the meaningless lines inserted, by way of refrain, into the songs of the period . . ." He has also, by the way, substituted "the west wind" for Palgrave's "spring wind," as an explanation of "Favonius." And when it comes to ingenuity he is not inexhaustible. Thus when Lodge writes :

Her paps are centres of delight ;
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly flame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Mr Wheeler says : "I can only conjecture that Rosalynde's breast is conceived as giving out a soft radiance ('the dew of light'), which goes to complete the sum of her perfections." Lodge was probably thinking of the origin of the Milky Way.

Miss Irene Osgood and Mr Horace Wyndham have probably intended simply to give pleasure in *The Winged Anthology* (John Richmond, 3s. 6d. and 5s.). They do not give all the poems written about birds and butterflies, nor the best ones, nor representative ones, but simply any ones. Thus Mr Fred E. Weatherley appears as the author of a song called "The Linnet." It is not poetry, and it bears no relation to the bird of that name. Anybody that ever wrote about the lark had apparently a chance of getting into this volume. Every kind of carelessness is well exhibited here. Unless only good poems were to be included, Jefferies' stanzas on the chaffinch should not have been left out. Not only are they left out, but a ridiculous imitation of chaffinch song by the Duke of Argyll is put in. Then to make up four poems relating to the cock, two relating to the black grouse or black cock are collared. Good poems have been admitted. Among living poets, W. H. Davies and John Freeman contribute, but the volume can please only those who are indifferent to poetry but sometimes need a quotation about birds.

Claiming to consist of "choice selections from southern poets from colonial times to the present day, edited by Jennie Thornley Clarke," *Songs of the South* (Alexander Moring, 5s. net.) is very much worse. It includes Poe, who was a poet ; Sidney Lanier, who is usually accepted as one ; and John Bannister Tabb, who was a sober artificer. But for the rest they are such a crowd that Mr Madison Cawein shines among them like Venus among lampblacks. The ladies write like this :

"Angel faces watch my pillow, angel voices haunt my sleep,
And upon the winds of midnight shining pinions round me sweep ;
Floating downward on the starlight, two bright infant forms I see,
They are mine, my own bright darlings, come from Heaven to visit me."

The gentlemen write like this:

"Oh, drearily, how drearily, the sombre eve comes down!
And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow!
But place your little hand in mine—so dainty, yet so brown!
For household toil hath worn away its rosy-tinted snow . . ."

When Mr Joel Chandler Harris says in his introduction that many of these things "have already taken their place as favourites in the public mind," I do not believe him. The whole thing is either a joke or a shameless commercial enterprise. It is, however, a genuine anthology, culled from obscure corners, from magazines, even from manuscripts, and might serve as a foundation for a monumental anthology of the worst poetry.

The best parts of Miss Lewes' charming little book *Life and Poems of Dafydd ab Gwilym* (Nutt, 2s. 6d. net.) are those where she gives plain prose renderings of the originals. But these are very few. Most of the translations are in the worst possible translator's verse. Altogether it is a surprising volume for the year 1914. Borrow's chapter on the bard in "Wild Wales" is much better reading and tells about as much, and Borrow's own verses are just the sort for Miss Lewes. If the book, which is cheap and popular in style, is meant to convince the English reader that Dafydd really was as great as people say, it will fail. It merely suggests a unique poet, strangely compounded of chivalrous elegance and woodland wildness; but that had already been suggested.

The *Poems* (1848-1870) by Charles Kingsley (Oxford University Press, 1s. 6d. net) is simply a reprint, without editing or notes. Meredith's *Selected Poems* (Constable, 1s. net) is likewise a reprint of the selection of 1897, a very good one.

EDWARD THOMAS

BIOGRAPHIES

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON. By Everard Meynell. (Burns and Oates. 10s. 6d.)

FRANCIS THOMPSON. By John Thomson. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 2s. 6d.)

THE LIFE OF MATTHEW PRIOR. By Francis Bickley. (Pitman. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are hardly two poets in our literature more opposed to each other in temperament and style than the two subjects of these biographies. For Thompson was an example of the poet existing by the force of his genius and making no peace with the world ; Prior a poet only when occasion served—a fair-weather poet.

The success of Francis Thompson's poetry is a little to be wondered at in modern times, for all its materials, its old-fashioned mysticism, its mediævalism are not to the taste of the age. It has succeeded in spite of all these things. The essential poetry in his verse has triumphed.

This life of his makes curious reading. It is sad, pathetic, even a little eerie, for poor Thompson was a ghostly creature, stunted and cheated of his birthright in the world by cruel circumstances. We cannot help thinking what a glorious poet we should have had if Thompson had found earlier in life than he did love, sympathy, and society. But such speculations only vex. We have as it is in him something precious and rare. Mr Meynell writes of his old friend with understanding. He treats of him intimately, caressingly even, and without pedagogy. There is a manner of biography which consists in hailing up the person under review as if he were about to undergo judgment and possibly sentence. Mr Meynell's biography exhibits the very reverse of that principle. He reveals to us the tenuous, mysterious life of Thompson with great sympathy but without hero-worship. His book will be the fount of all future biographies.

Mr Bickley gives us the life of Matthew Prior with the imperturbable ease of the journalist. It is interesting, it is correctly written, and it is just like a hundred other such lives. Prior was really more diplomat and courtier than poet, but he had at times a dainty fancy and a light wit of a kind that is not too common in our literature. He is a type of the man who is not dissatisfied with life, whose delight is in trifles, whose attitude is Horatian ; while Thompson is of those whose imagination is for ever transcending their experience.

The third of these biographies, the small volume on Thompson by a namesake and fellow-townsmen, burns with a local patriotism that is very praiseworthy. It is a Preston man's praise of another Preston man. It is concise, accurate, but contains nothing new, either biographically or critically.

E. S.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT POETRY

From *New Numbers*

FROM "THE END OF THE WORLD." By *Lascelles Abercrombie*

Merrick : 'Twas bound to come sometime,
Bound to come, I suppose. 'Tis a poor thing
For us, to fall plumb in the chance of it ;
But, now or another time, 'twas bound to be.—
I have been thinking back. When I was a lad
I was delighted with my life : there seemed
Naught but things to enjoy. Say we were bathing :
There'd be the cool smell of the water, and cool
The splashing under the trees : but I did loathe
The sinking mud slithering round my feet,
And I did love to loathe it so ! And then
We'd troop to kill a wasp's nest ; and for sure
I would be stung : and if I liked the dusk
And singing and the game of it all, I loved
The smart of the stings, and fleeing the buzzing furies.
And sometimes I'd be looking at myself
Making so much of everything ; there'd seem
A part of me speaking about myself :
" You know, this is much more than being happy.
'Tis hunger of some power in you, that lives
On your heart's welcome for all sorts of luck,
But always looks beyond you for its meaning."
And that's the way the world's kept going on,
I believe now. Misery and delight
Have both had liking welcome from it, both
Have made the world keen to be glad and sorry.
For why ? It felt the living power thrive
The more it made everything, good and bad,
Its own belonging, forged to its own affair,—
The living power that would do wonders some day.
I don't know if you take me ?

Sollers : I do, fine ;
I've felt the very thought go through my mind
When I was at my wains ; though 'twas a thing

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Of such a flight I could not read its colour.—
Why was I like a man sworn to a thing
Working to have my wains in every curve,
Ay, every tenon, right and as they should be?
Not for myself, not even for those wains:
But to keep in me living at its best
The skill that must go forward and shape the world,
Helping it on to make some masterpiece.

Merrick: And never was there aught to come of it!
The world was always looking to use its life
In some great handsome way at last. And now—
We are just fooled. There never was any good
In the world going on or being at all.
The fine things life has plotted to do are worth
A rotten toadstool kickt to flying bits.
End of the World? Ay, and the end of a joke.

HEAVEN. By *Rupert Brooke*

Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say, they have their Stream and Pond,
But is there anything Beyond?
This life cannot be All, they swear,
For how unpleasant, if it were!
One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And, sure, the reverent eye must see
A purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,
The future is not Wholly Dry.
Mud unto mud!—Death eddies near—
Not here the appointed End, not here!
But somewhere, beyond Space and Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime!
And there (they trust) there swimmeth One
Who swam ere rivers were begun,
Immense, of fishy form and mind,
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;

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And under that Almighty Fin,
The littlest fish may enter in.
Oh ! never fly conceals a hook,
Fish say, in the Eternal Brook,
But more than mundane weeds are there,
And mud celestially fair ;
For caterpillars drift around,
And Paradisal grubs are found ;
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish.

From *The Anthology des Imagistes*

TO THE GREEK MARBLE. By *Richard Aldington*

Πότνια, Πότνια,
White grave goddess,
Pity my sadness,
O silence of Paros.

I am not one of these about thy feet,
These garments and decorum ;
I am thy brother,
Thy lover of aforetime crying to thee,
And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in thy solitudes
Of our love in Phrygia,
The far ecstasy of burning noons
When the fragile pipes
Ceased in the cypress shade,
And the brown fingers of the shepherd
Moved over slim shoulders ;
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills
And the lisp of reeds
And the sun upon thy breasts,

And thou hearest me not,
Πότνια, Πότνια,
Thou hearest me not.

SITALKAS. By *H. D.*

Thou art come at length
More beautiful
Than any cool god
In a chamber under
Lycia's far coast,
Than any high god
Who touches us not
Here in the seeded grass.
Aye, than Argestes
Scattering the broken leaves.

By *F. S. Flint*

London, my beautiful,
it is not the sunset
nor the pale green sky
shimmering through the curtain
of the silver birch,
nor the quietness ;
it is not the hopping
of birds
upon the lawn,
nor the darkness
stealing over all things
that moves me.

But as the moon creeps slowly
over the tree-tops
among the stars,
I think of her
and the glow her passing
sheds on men.

London, my beautiful,
I will climb
into the branches
to the moonlit tree-tops,
that my blood may be cooled
by the wind.

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging; foam about their
knees :
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the rains, with fluttering whips, the Charioteers.

They come shaking in triumph their long grey hair :
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair ?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me alone ?

O fan of white silk,
 clear as frost on the grass-blade,
You also are laid aside.

The petals fall in the fountain,
the orange coloured rose leaves,
Their ochre clings to the stone.

How nice it is to eat !
All creatures love it so,
That they who first did spread,
Ere breaking bread,
A cloth like level snow,
Were right, I know.

And they were wise and sweet
Who, glad that meat tastes good,
Used speech in an arch style,
And oft would smile
To raise the cheerful mood,
While at their food.

And those who first, so neat,
Placed fork and knife quite straight,
The glass on the right hand ;
And all, as planned,
Each day set round the plate,—
Be their praise great !

For then, their hearts being light,
They plucked hedge-posies bright—
Flowers who, their scent being sweet,
Give nose and eye a treat :
'Twas they, my heart can tell,
Not eating fast but well,
Who wove the spell
Which finds me every day,
And makes each meal-time gay ;
I know 'twas they.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

With half his arm in running water
David groped for rounded pebbles ;
Kneeling by the brook he sought there
Till he found that five were good :
Oh ! that I had been by then,
When at last he upright stood,
Choicest of the sons of men !
While round his feet in rippling trebles
Water crooned across the pebbles.

He was young and fair to see
In his shepherd's dress ;
His spirit and his limbs felt free,
Quit then of their late distress
When he, caged in king Saul's casque and gaunt
war suit,

Had said, "I cannot go in these,
Since their use I have not tested"—would not
do it
Even a king to please.

He left that clear and purling water ;
Only one of his five stones
Did he use, yet mighty slaughter
On the Philistines ensued :
Oh that I had heard the shout,
When that stone had been proved good—
Done its work beyond a doubt !
Which ended felled Goliath's groans,
And no need for further stones.

It is always good to be
Where long-sighed-for things
Are done with that felicity
Every hero with him brings,—
When he must be up and doing, steps forth lightly,
Nor needs fear's casque and mail to don,
Sure, he who acteth simply, bravely, rightly,
Hath trustier armour on.

FROM A SEQUENCE ENTITLED "THE DEED."

II.

No sight earth yields our eyes is lovelier than
The body of a naked strong young man.
O watch him course the meadows flecked with shade
Beside the stream, before his plunge be made !
Then watch him ridge the water to its brims
With rhythmic measure while he gravely swims ;
And watch him issue, shining even more,
Run, leap and prove himself upon the shore,
Intent to warm his limbs and have them dry,
Making great efforts, seeming as he would fly.
Ah ! he can fill an hour up in this way
And never hear a voice within him say
"Why art thou not at work ?" for it is true
That all he is approves what he doth do.

From *The Two
Blind Countries*,
by Rose Macaulay

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THE ALIEN

Mazily wandering through a blind land,
As a sailor gropes a strange shore,
Continually would he stop and stand,
His ear to a door.

Shadows and droll shapes thronged him about,
But he cared no whit for them all ;
He, all alone in that crazy rout,
Heard through the wall.

As the sea beats on a fog-bound beach
A clamouring whispering broke,
And against the shaken door surged the muffled speech
Of a world of folk.

But if they called him they were not heard,
And he might cry to them in vain ;
Between them and him not the least small word
Could pass again.

Only through a crack in the door's blind face
He would reach a thieving hand,
To draw some clue to his own strange place
From the other land.

But his closed hand came back emptily,
As a dream drops from him who wakes ;
And naught might he know but how a muffled sea
In whispers breaks.

.

On either side of a gray barrier
The two blind countries lie ;
But he knew not which held him prisoner,
Nor yet know I.

THE THIEF

When the paths of dreams were mist-muffled,
And the hours were dim and small
(Through still nights on wet orchard grass
Like rain the apples fall),

New Books

Then naked-footed, secretly,
The thief dropped over the wall.

Apple-boughs spattered mist at him,
The dawn was as cold as death,
With a stealthy joy at the heart of it,
And the stir of a small sweet breath,
And a robin breaking his heart in song
As a young child sorroweth.

The thief's feet bruised wet lavender
Into sweet sharp surprise ;
The orchard, full of pears and joy,
Smiled like a gold sunrise ;
But the blind house stared down on him
With strange white-lidded eyes.

He stood at the world's secret heart
In the haze-wrapt mystery ;
And fat pears, mellow on the lip,
He supped like a honey-bee ;
But the apples he crunched with sharp white teeth
Were pungent, like the sea.

And this was the oldest garden of joy,
Living and young and sweet.
And the melting mists took radiance,
And the silence a rhythmic beat,
For the day came stealing stealthily,
A thief, upon furtive feet.

And the walls that ring this world about
Quivered like gossamer,
Till he heard, in the other worlds beyond,
The other people stir,
And met strange, sudden, shifting eyes
Through the filmy barrier. . . .

From *Cubist*
Poems, by Max
Weber

HAZE

Haze, haze, haze,
Warmed, heated, dried, burnt,
Blurred by wind-mist seething the air,
Air hanging air wet over the hills,
Air moist, damp, pressing air,

New Books

Gray molten hills and valleys
Contours, masses, finesses, gone,
Haze, haze, haze.
This late hour past noon.
Life stilled, action stopped,
Ambition and purpose waiting,
For but one cool breeze.
Now haze, haze, haze,
Man and trees and animals
All with drooped heads,
And brows drenched with sweat,
Now haze, haze, haze,
Waiting for one cool breeze.

I AM DRINKING TEA

Night's stillness comes,
Fatigue calling rest
Before and after—my kitchen
Stillness in, stillness about
My footsteps and utensils touch I hear,
Pauses,—breath-rest,—waiting,
Water seething—now boiling,
I am drinking tea.
My friends—my pots, always with me.
Here and before here,
Here and before here—
Ah—the late evening hour,
Summer's night coolness,
Tea and air and stillness and song,
Summer's joy—
In my kitchen I am—
I am drinking tea.

From *Creation*, by
Horace Holley

THE DREAMER

God the Father in His easy chair pondering the great book
of Vision
Lets fall a casual hand the while He broods tremendously
the word ;
And on his little stool beside the human child, restless for
play,

New Books

Takes the slack fingers in his busy grasp,
Fondles them, tracing the great philosophic lines and wrinkles
And rubs his cheek against the palm, kissing it all over with
a sudden fondness ;

But fallen from his little stool, and crying aloud,
Pulls at the casual Hand and whimpers for a word, a glance,
All in vain, now and for ever ;

For God the Father is quite lost in the terrible endless Vision,
And from the height whereon He broods sunk in His easy
chair,

Only the casual Hand falls down, the slack, forgetful fingers,
Tear-wet or kissed, gently relax, nor close the Book, nor lift
the child.

THE CROWD

Fed from the gloom of night-strewn barren streets
And gorged from the gloomier night of barren homes,
The heavy, corpulent crowd
Enormously sprawls the house of carnival,
Mute as a foeless, mateless sea-deep monster
Heaving through livid, phosphorescent caves
Its bulk of terrible hunger seeking prey.
As one great staring Thing the brutal crowd,
Passion distended,
Rolls ponderously out its whole length,
The avid, pitiless will of huddled men
Absorbing into one vapid, bottomless soul
Its long-craved prey of pleasure.

The dancers flutter, dazzling Its vacant eye ;
These girls with shining trays of heaped fruit
And wines from the world's mad reckless south
Steep drowsily Its wandering senses ;
Deafened by changing music, It grows partly glad.
How did I come a part of this huge Thing,
Myself so harmless ?
Yet I too fled from my own hateful gloom,
From many a biting sorrow,
Gladly forgetting myself and others
To surge with these the warm sleek blazing house,
The house of carnival.

So the monster dies, Its bloated power

Dissolves in tears. I look and deeply know
The secret parts, like me, of the corpulent Thing,
The avid men and women of the crowd.
And O these dancing girls, this glittering fruit
The Thing gluttoned its empty heart upon,
'Twas all the broken pieces of old joy,
The fragments of our man and woman dream
Which, blindly coming together,
We sought amid these changing lights and sounds
To take, to gather up, fragment by fragment,
And shape into one conscious soul again.

I, when the rear gate of my life opens,
From all such tragic hypocritic days
Shall turn to the far mountain of my secret will,
That stark, still place, to build a small cottage there
Beside a whispering brook,
To sit alone and think of many things.

From *The Col-
lected Poems* of
Norman Gale

FIRST STANZAS OF A CREED.

God sends no message by me. I am mute
When Wisdom crouches in her farthest cave ;
I love the organ, but must touch the lute.

I cannot salve the sores of those who bleed ;
I break no idols, smite no olden laws,
And come before you with no separate creed.

No controversies thrust me to the ledge
Of dangerous schools and doctrines hard to learn ;
Give me the whitethroat whistling in the hedge.

Why should I fret myself to find out nought ?
Dispute can blight the soul's eternal corn
And choke its richness with the tares of thought.

I am content to know that God is great,
And Lord of fish and fowl, of air and sea—
Some little points are misty. Let them wait.

New Books

From *Irishry*, by
Joseph Campbell

LOAFERS.

If highest Heaven were no more
Than this : an undulating floor
Of flowering furze and lawny grass ;
White clouds, like ships, that pass and pass ;
An April sun warming my neck ;
Two corbies playing at pick-a-back ;
A lark trilling, a butterfly
That mounts and falls and flutters by ;
My Thoreau open at "*Walden Pond*" ;
Blue hills of mystery beyond—
'Twould be enough. Or, having this,
Who'd die to win more perfect bliss ?

And who's the wiser ? I, or he
Who props a wall at Eden Quay,
And spits innumerably between
His drinks ? while April like a queen
Rides over noisome lane and street,
Bringing the breath of meadow-sweet,
Of flowering furze and daffodils
That toss their beauty to the hills,
Of wall-flowers, purple, brown and red,
And Solomon's-seal with drooping-head,—
And Liffey's ooze meanders rank,
For all her touch, 'twixt bank and bank.

Heaven is peace. The key is found
In sightless air, unheeded sound,
Or such like atrophy of sense
When consciousness is in suspense :
The climbing thoughts lulled to a sleep
Of grey forgetfulness, like sheep
Gathered to fold : when near is blent
With distant, and the skyey tent
Of clouds and trilling larks and sun
And earth and wind and God are one.
He's even wise, who props a wall,
And cares not if it stand or fall !

From *Aids to the
Immortality of
Certain Persons in
Ireland*, by Susan
L. Mitchell

FROM "THE VOICE OF ONE."

Bates (animated): That's it, that's it, simplicity's the thing;
Art is choked up by over-furnishing.
To make life simple is my whole design—
I who spend years upon a single line,
Setting a letter here, a comma there—
Surely simplicity's my only care.

Barton: No doubt, no doubt; the thing is this, we want
A theatre and all the usual plant.

Bates: The usual plant! that's just the very thing
We must avoid; no over-furnishing.
The play must tell by mere force of Art—
This is a matter I have much at heart.

Barton: You must have clothes and properties and that,
Or else your plays will fall completely flat.

Bates: Had I the heavens' embroidered clothes indeed,
My stage and actors would no others need.
But these gay clothes long since in rain did fall,
So I won't hear of any clothes at all.

Barton: You mean accessories, properties, and such,
You will not have your actors dress too much?

Bates: The passionate pulse of life is beating slow,
The wizard lips of life are murmuring low.
I gaze upon wan Beauty's shaken hair,
Actors and clothes and—everything are there!

Barton: What do you mean? Why, Bates, you must be mad.
And will you wreck our drama for a fad?
Think you I will good money fling away
To make the British critic holiday?

Bates: You're sordid, Barton, vulgar, and that's worse.
Money I leave to publishers, of course.
Of gold and silver little do I know,
But to my plays the gabbling world shall go.

Barton: Faith, and I think they'll go there without me,
I leave you to your spectral company. (*Exit in a rage.*)

New Books

From *Side Slips*,
by Griffyth Fairfax

THE PERFECT HOST

I.

We received with unmixed delight
Your refusal for Wednesday night,
And the party at present,
Promises to be quite pleasant.

II.

We missed you by design ;
It was a notion of mine.
As soon as we heard the wheels
We all took to our heels.

III.

I remember to my sorrow
That you are due to-morrow :
Still the train you insist
On coming by doesn't exist.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE

THE unhappy chronicler, searching for dramatic activity in the London theatre, finds that he can ask no more than the question, "How doth the busy Ethiop?" and the question is not worth answering. Mr Knoblauch adopts the manner, and most of the methods, of the kinema playwright to produce *My Lady's Dress*; Mr Shaw, whose complexion grows darker with the years, impudently invites his audience to pretend to be shocked at a mere word; Mr Zangwill borrows from the greatest of literature to excite himself and his audience into the belief that his melodrama has meaning—(it has intention, but that is not the same thing); Mr Galsworthy seems almost to have forsaken the drama of character for the play upon stage effects, a tendency that showed first in *The Silver Box*, in the unfair scene in which a window is thrown up, and the action of the play stopped, for the crying of a child to harrow the feelings of the audience. That child has grown up and driven the protagonists in the Galsworthy theatre off the stage. In the *Mob* that child appears on the stage; it also makes noises "off," as a regiment of Highlanders, a crowd, a dreaming lady wailing. That child is simply Mr Galsworthy stepping outside his play and addressing his audience, not in the manner of Sir James Barrie, who says, "Here's a juicy bit about a mother, or a long-lost son, or a baby," but as one crying, "Feel, feel, you wretches! I'll make you feel!" And he does make some people squirm, others sad, others angry, but he can move none. None are moved but with high pleasure, and does not that make it clear that good art moves, while bad art melts you? And if you demand that the art of the theatre shall move you, and so enlarge your emotional nature, will you not avoid the theatre in London altogether? Will you not lose faith in a man like Mr Barker, who, for all his brave efforts of the past, can come to the dreadful achievement of depriving you of the poetry, the moving power of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*? In another

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art there have been men like Dickens, who can move their readers into laughter, but only melt them into tears; let you out of the prison of your fear and shyness, only to clap you into it again. In the theatre the most successful melter has ever been the master of the situation, and the theatre is the strongest stronghold of bad art, and it is that stronghold that our young enthusiasts are bent upon storming. But, behold, the theatrists throw up another earthwork. There are men incapable of moving an audience who yet despise, or affect to despise, those who aim at melting. These provide for an intellectual excitement, or rather, since the intellect is noble and not easily to be deceived, a pricking of the intelligence. How generous is genius to transcend these sorry aims and to resist not the evil of them! It was not so base a theatre as ours, that for which Mozart composed the music of *The Magic Flute*, but base enough. How easily that music bears all the folly and triteness of the rest of the theatre with it in its beautiful flight! *The Rosenkavalier* is a foolish comedietta compared with it—grossly, dully amorous; unscrupulous, sentimental; at bottom, like all sentimentality, callous and vulgar, and ungenerous; giving nothing, but bartering pleasure for applause. That is the conduct, practised, with varying degrees of competence, in our theatres. It is the native conduct of the Ethiopians. They must barter, for they cannot meet audiences on any other terms. *Pygmalion*, *Potash and Perlmutter*, *The Great Adventure*, the late production of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, *My Lady's Dress*, are nothing but barter. In the revues, ladies like Miss Ethel Levey and Miss Elsie Janis, comedians like Frank Tinney and Robert Hale, rise, by their delight in their work, above barter. They are artists using their own personalities; triumphing by their exuberant vitality. But in the theatre our other artists, however gifted, seem to give way before the effort of creating a work of art, and they bid unscrupulously and with no delight for applause. A generation is arising which is too vigorous for that traffic. It prizes its applause, and is not to be tricked out of it. It is seeing more and more clearly the difference between being moved and being melted. Already, in Paris, that generation has created a delicious theatre in the Rue du Vieux Colombier. That lead will be followed. The old theatre of barter will be powerful for a long time to come. Americans and cosmopolitan Jews will write its kind of play, a

kind which young men growing up in the freshly hopeful atmosphere of this country will never be able to write. As for genius, should genius arrive, the Ethiopians could never recognise it.

GILBERT CANNAN

PRINTED PLAYS

- An Age of Steel : Plays and Episodes.* By Evan Poole. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley.)
- Between Sunset and Dawn : A Play in Five Scenes.* By Hermon Ould. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. and 1s.)
- Damaged Goods : A Play.* By Brioux. Translated by John Pollard. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw, and a Foreword by Mrs Bernard Shaw. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
- Dusk : A Play.* By Robert Vansittart. (Humphreys. 1s. net.)
- Four Dramatic Studies.* By W. Fothergill Robinson. (Blackwell. 1s. net.)
- Idle Women (A Study in Futility): In One Act and Two Scenes.* By Magdalen Ponsonby. (Humphreys. 1s. net.)
- Loving As We Do, and Other Short Plays.* By Gertrude Robins. (Werner Laurie. 1s. net.)
- Over the Hills : A Comedy in One Act.* By John Palmer. (Sidgwick. 6d.)
- Philip's Wife : A Play in Three Acts.* By Frank G. Layton. ("Stephen Andrews.") (Fifield. 1s. net.)
- Playing with Love.* By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by P. Morton Shand. Together with *The Prologue to Anatol.* By Hugo Hofmannsthal. Rendered into English Verse by Trevor Blakemore. (Gay and Hancock. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Rebellion : A Play in Three Acts.* By John Drinkwater. (Nutt. 1s. net.)
- The Flash Point : A Play in Three Acts.* By Mrs Scott-Maxwell. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The May King : A Play in Three Acts.* By F. W. Moorman. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Melting Pot.* By Israel Zangwill. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Misfortune of Being too Clever.* By A. S. Griboyedof. (Nutt. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Triumph of Peace : A Romantic Drama.* By Ivy M. Clayton. (R. E. Jones. 1s. 6d. net.)

AFTER reading the above plays one is left in a condition of mind not unlike, one thinks, that of the authors of some of them. One has little to say, partly because this hotch-potch of plays published provides one with no master-idea. Before reading, one had the notion of dividing plays into (a) Hack-plays for the long-run stage, (b) Repertory Theatre, readable, plays, (c) Amateurish Plays brought into existence by the new demand for repertory, readable, plays which contain neither the technique of the hack-play nor the ideas of the true repertory play. With this division to help, one could have

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made quite a nice little essay in evaluation, setting apart the goats from the sheep, and being not too hard on the nothings.

But these plays will not be tabulated thus easily, and one realizes what publishers, authors and reviewers are going to realize more and more, that for all purposes, except those of art, the barrier between the dialogue form and the narrational form of fiction is breaking down. Many of these plays, not necessarily the worst of them, particularly many of these one-act plays, are treatments of incidents which probably only took stage-shape because the authors were in harmony with their age. Messrs Sidgwick and Jackson quote in their descriptive catalogue these words on the advantages of the "reading play": "Reading plays gives more pleasure than reading novels. There is no padding. No arid wastes of descriptive twaddle. . . . No tiresome moralising. . . ." Another extract points to the advantage a play has of being short. It is an age of speed. From the author's point of view, too, there is always the chance of killing two birds with one stone, of being produced and of being read. Perhaps to one's dictum that in former times many of these plays would have taken other shape one should add that in former times some of the others would not have taken shape at all. Mr Evan Poole's *An Age of Steel* is a collection of little romantic tales of seventeenth-century France. Mr Vansittart's *Dusk* is really a dream, in which the dreamer is troubled by the state of women in Persia. Miss Ponsonby says most of what she has to say in *Idle Women* in her description of the characters—"Alice Ditcham is a good but discontented woman who would like to take to vice as a career, only she knows that she would do it badly"; Mr Robinson's *Rosalie* would, other things being equal, have been better, because less diffuse, if told as a little story of Parisian love. Mr Moorman has interested himself in early Pagan rites, and so he writes a tragedy, *The May King*; but the clash of Paganism and Christianity which causes the tragedy is not handled with the tragic power. Naturally, much hinges on that "other things being equal." People without much power in narrative or in dialogue are at least kept short and clear when writing for the stage, though the author of *The Triumph of Peace* has let herself go over her twenty-one monarchs and kindred spirits. Mr Palmer's *Over the Hills* is a pretty case. Here is a writer whom we all know to have a remarkable gift of style in writing, yet the play itself, a satire on a man turned middle-aged without his knowledge, is in places cheap, because the author has felt the need to make his points, because, in fact, he knows so much about the stage. But towards the close the very exigencies themselves of play-writing have suggested a most happy omission; we see the man like a balloon, and then we see him burst. We do not see him bursting. This omission was suggested by the form. We cannot say Mr Palmer should have written narratively; we can only say that Mr Palmer expresses himself with more distinction in his own personality than through his puppets.

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Certain groupings, however, there are. Mr Layton, like Brioux, wishes to expose the evils of hidden venereal disease. Mrs Maxwell-Scott and Mr Robinson (in "The Lonely Woman") are concerned with the clash of the younger and older generation. Miss Clayton, like Mr Drinkwater, writes in verse. *Damaged Goods* is an easy case. Messrs Sidgwick and Jackson tell us, in the words quoted above, that the play to be read contains no padding, no moralising, but *Damaged Goods* is made up of moralising and padding. No one can object to a scientist making an elaborate statement, a moralist expressing his conviction, but no man can make a first-class job if he does two things at once, if he tries to supplement the thing he wants to do with a thing he pretends to want to do. Monsieur Brioux's doctor is just Monsieur Brioux making statements of statistics; the pretence is that he is a character in a work of art, and one result of that pretence is that a deal of padding is necessitated. In a blue-book the whole thing could be done much more shortly, but Monsieur Brioux knows that no one reads a blue-book. He has probably counted his cost and knows what he is about; he knows he cannot put his case so effectively in a sham work of art; but he knows it can be put to a much greater audience. Mr Layton, though thin, comes really nearer to Mr Barker's "dramatization of a blue book." In parts he has used his thesis as artistic material, and the ending, where the poor young wife is almost mad, should be effective on the stage. Mrs Scott-Maxwell's play is really interesting, though whether, as art, it will seem as diffuse as Griboyedof's satire when it has lived as long remains to be seen. We are accustomed to shun the play of clever people, though if a character is truly clever, that in itself is surely proof that its creator is clever. Jean, in this play, says really penetrating things, and the cunning of the little tragedy lies in the circumstance that the struggle of the full-blooded, eager girl with what Mr Will Dyson calls "fat" is bound to fail just because she is too æsthetic, too sensitive, too conscious. "They seem to be perfectly awful sometimes, and then I seem perfectly awful to myself for seeing them so." That is a good expression of the younger generation's tragedy in the home.

We have left Mr Ould, Mr Drinkwater, Mr Zangwill, Schnitzler and Miss Robins. Miss Robins' little pieces are written for the million; Mr Zangwill is the hero of all the second-rate intellects who like to see something big vaguely reflected, whether an issue or a continent, and enveloped with many words. Mr Ould's play is truly of the theatre; the precise thing he has to show—a girl of the lower depths, vacillating from here to there, at last finding it impossible to go on or to stop—one feels that Mr Ould chose the right medium for him by which to show this thing, though the murderer's sudden idealism is scarce prepared, so that we have the sensation of too quickly mounting a hill after walking along the level. Mr Drinkwater seems to have something in common with the moralists in thinking to make heroic drama out of a character who despised all but the heroic, in thinking to reach to the core of living by talking

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of it, and surely his verse, so careful not to be banal, reminds one of Stephen Phillips, at least in

"Shubia dead! How dead? How is she dead?"

and in

"Not wasting your magnificence of life."

Mr Drinkwater obviously believes in the need for imagination. As for Schnitzler, there is no space for rhapsody. His tragedy, *Playing with Love*, in which the girl does not take light love lightly, defies your effort to imagine how you could re-write it as a tale. "Christine and Mizi sup with Fritz and Theodore; Christine takes it seriously; Fritz leaves her and is killed; Christine becomes a tragic figure." Half of it is dialogue painting, and then the lurking tragedy begins to rise. You read it again and again, for its style, for its author's self-expression through a perfect adjustment of means to end, in short because it is a living thing in which each word grows from the one before. But, indeed, to continue were only to substitute one phrase for another.

LEONARD INKSTER

FRENCH CHRONICLE

Poètes Fantaisistes, II.—The poems and prose pieces in M. Francis Carco's *Au Vent Crispé du Matin* have been selected from his three previous plaquettes, *Instincts* (prose poems), *La Bohème et mon Cœur*, and *Chansons Aigres-Douces*, a new series, *Détours* (prose poems), being added thereto. The whole makes up a volume of 87 pages. The "fantaisistes" are not torrential. He has also published in the *Mercur de France*, Jan. 16th-Feb. 1st, a novel, *Jésus-la-Caille*, in which prostitutes, male and female, and their bullies speak their slang. "Tiens! vise mon œil. Le plus mariole y verra nib. . . ." And he has in preparation a volume of short stories and one of criticism. "Si Pellerin," begins one of M. Carco's prose pieces, "m'appelle Jean-Jacques Rousseau—Moulin Rouge. . . ." an ironical Jean-Jacques, if at all; and "Moulin Rouge" is self-explanatory.

"Vénus des carrefours"—he cries—"efflanqué, mauvaise et maquillée, aux cheveux en casque, aux yeux vides qui ne regardent pas, mais aux lèvres plus rouges que le sang et que la langue mince caresse, tu m'as connu flairant l'ombre que tu laissais derrière toi. Me voici—comme autrefois—dévoté du tourment cruel de te rencontrer au coin de basses ruelles où la lumière fardée des persiennes coule le long des murs. . . . J'ai longtemps tourné dans ce quartier désert. Je connais pourtant des bars aux glaces réfléchissant de blancs visages; je connais des promenoirs brûlants, où le désir des hommes s'exalte dans l'arrogance, des maisons pleines de femmes, des salons étouffés dans les velours chauds, les odeurs et les satins miroitants. Je connais des comptoirs aux murs de lèpre grise. Je connais d'étranges boutiques où les vendeuses se donnent habillées, des chambres que la rumeur de la rue assiège pendant qu'un corps à moitié nu tremble et gémit sous le baiser, des terrains vagues peuplés de souffles, des caves humides et des greniers d'où l'on entend chanter la pluie. Tu n'aurais qu'à me citer les voies de la ville et je te dirais qu'à tel étage de vieilles prostituées attendent l'homme qu'elles fouetteront et dont elles creuseront la chair avec des pinces, des limes, de longs et froids outils vivants et des lames agiles. . . ."

You have there the matter of many of M. Carco's adventures and of much of his meditations. He speaks to you of them in a kind of

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intense monologue ; leads you immediately to his focal point ; and then, having etched the whole picture neatly on your mind's eye, he half reveals to you his own secret suffering : he has no illusions about the joy of such living, although there are certain hours he remembers. As for his poetry, I have turned over the pages to find a poem that I could quote ; but there is little to choose between one poem and another. The influence of Verlaine is apparent (as is that of Rimbaud in the *Proses*). Perhaps this poem will do :

Des saules et des peupliers
Bordent la rive.
Entends, contre les vieux piliers
Du pont, l'eau vive !

Elle chante, comme une voix
Jase et s'amuse,
Et puis s'écrase sur le bois
Frais de l'écluse.

Le moulin tourne . . . Il fait si bon
Quand tout vous laisse
S'abandonner, doux vagabond,
Dans l'herbe épaisse ! . . .

M. Tristan Derème's book, *La Flûte Fleurie*, offers more scope for comment. He tells you that he loves to live :

loin des cours où Dorchain tourne sa manivelle . . .
Car j'ai quitté les toits, les livres, les musées,
pour la mer et les prés où fume la rosée.

And again :

Je dirai pour l'instruction des biographes
que ton corsage avait quarante-deux agrafes,
que dans tes bras toute la nuit j'étais inclus,
que c'était le bon temps, que je ne quittais plus
ta chambre qu'embaumait un pot d'héliotrope.
Duhamel animait son héroïque *Anthrope*,
Pellerin habitait Pontcharra et Carco
quarante-neuf, quai de Bourbon, Paris. Jusqu'au
matin, je caressais tes jambes et ta gorge.
Tu lisais *Chantecler* et le *Maître de Forge* ;
Tu ignorais Laforgue, estimant qu'avec art
écrivaient seulement Botrel et Jean Aicard.
Pourtant dans Aurignac embelli de ses rêves,

Frêne, pâle et barbu, méditait sur *Les Sèves*,
et Deubel, revêtu des velours cramoisis,
publiant au *Beffroi* ses *Poèmes Choisis*,
déchaînait dans les airs le tumulte des cuivres.

Et j'aimais beaucoup moins tes lèvres que mes livres.

Happy M. Derème, with his pipe, his woods and meadows, his friends, his mistress, his irony, and his wounded heart! And if all other record of him is lost except *La Flûte Fleurie*, posterity will reconstruct him thus: his poets were Laforgue, Mallarmé, Villon, Tailhade, Verlaine, Jammes; his friends were Francis Carco, Léon Vérane, Jean Pellerin, and so on; his mistresses were . . . many. He was fond of queer rhymes like cornac-tu n'as qu', d'où ce-douce, malgré que-grecque, mimosa-nouais à; of German rhymes: siffles-buffles, flûte-insolite, mire-ramure; and of "consonances": pupitre-pâtre, fraîches-ruches, sources-écorces; and of assonances that have the effect of delicate rhymes. He painted pictures:

Lorsque tu étais vierge,
(le fus-tu? le fus-tu?)
Nous dinions à l'*Auberge*
du *Caniche Poilu*.

C'était une bicoque
sous un vieux châtaigner;
tonnelle pour églogue,
lavoir et poulailler.

Buis sec à la muraille,
et rosiers aux carreaux . . .
A travers une paille
tu suçais des sirops.

Guinguette au toit de chaume,
mur d'ocre éclaboussé . . .
Un grand liseron jaune
fleurit sur le passé.

And he decorated his melancholy with so many leaves and flowers that one lays aside *La Flûte Fleurie* with regret.

Fumerai-je au soir de ma vie
une pipe en bois de laurier?
Nous voilà vieux, ma pauvre amie,
j'ai eu vingt ans en février.

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Nous avons lu beaucoup de livres
et crayonné bien des feuillets,
et jadis blonds comme des cuivres,
nos rêves sont de blancs œillets.

Et tout cela n'est pas peu triste ;
Mais dans l'ombre où nous défailions
enfin l'ironie oculiste
ouvre boutique de lorgnons.

Des lièvres dansent aux pelouses,
et dans la chambre mon espoir.
Maintenant j'attends que tu couses
une rose à ton jupon noir,

et que le rire ensevelisse
sous des guirlandes de clarté,
notre rêve, ce vieil Ulysse
que les sirènes ont tenté.

* * * * *

As for M. Jean Pellerin, all I know about him is that he has made,
en marge d'une vieille mythologie, some amusing puns :

On plaisantait Jupin, là-haut
—Joyeux propos de table—
Diane criait "T'as Io, t'as Io !"
Calembour détestable.

Sur tous, Vénus le harcelait. . . .
Le maître à la pécore
En regardant Mars, dit : "Encore
Un peu de ce filet ?"

But he offers this excuse :

C'est vrai j'aurais pu devenir
Fabricant d'élégie.

* * * * *

I do not know enough about the work of M. Fagus or M. Claudien to speak of it with competence. M. Fagus contributes regularly amusing "Ephémérides"—notes and comments on actualities—to *La Revue Critique*. He is also the author of *Ixion* (1903) and of *Quelques Fleurs* (1906). For both poets, see *Vers et Prose*, tome xxxv.

So, too, for examples—eighteen poems—of the work of M. Paul-Jean Toulet. M. Toulet does not seem to have yet published any of his poems in book form. He is the most impeccable of this group of “fantaisistes” poets. He writes little poems in eights and sixes, and each is like an exquisite, fantastic, ironic cameo. I have read these eighteen poems over and over again, and I still turn to them with predilection. M. Toulet uses words so imaginatively that they are refined into something more than mere vocabulary: he recreates them; each poem is a word. “Aérez les mots,” said Moréas to M. Paul Fort. M. Toulet’s words have a diaphanous beauty that gives to his poems an immaterial quality. These, as often as not, are the records of moments—a fancy, an impatience, a sudden emotion that for the moment thrills the senses. M. Toulet is careful not to go beyond this impulse. Here is one poem:

Vous qui revenez du Cathay
Par les Messageries,
Quand vous berçait à leurs féeries
L’opium ou le thé,

Dans un palais d’aventurine
Où se mourait le jour
Avez-vous vu Boudroulboudour,
Princesse de la Chine,

Plus rose en son noir pantalon
Que nacre sous l’écaille?
Et cette lune, Jean Chicaille,
Était-elle au salon

A jurer par la Fleur qui bèle
Aux îles de Ouac-Ouac
Qu’il coudrait nue,—oui! dans un sac—
Son épouse rebelle

. . . . Et plus belle, à travers le vent
Des mers sur le rivage,
Que l’or ne brille au paon sauvage
Dans le soleil levant?

M. Toulet is a poet who has stepped out of the “Arabian Nights,” and he sees with the lucid irony and he wears the mocking smile of modern Paris.

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M. Henri Clouard, the knight-herald of modern French classicism, has said of the last poem by M. Derème, quoted above, that the wisdom which was forming in it has since sprung, fully armed, from the head of M. Jean-Marc Bernard, author of *Sub Tegmine Fagi* (*Temps Présent*, 3.50). M. Bernard's wisdom is the wisdom of Horace, *æquam memento . . . : rebus in arduis*, a little irony will deflate all emphasis, and, *in bonis*, will preserve the mind's equilibrium :

ab insolenti temperatam
lætitia . . .

or of FitzGerald's Omar, which he translates creditably. So M. Bernard wanders round the Dauphiné—he is another *poète champêtre*—with Virgil's Eclogues, or Horace's Odes, or Lucretius, or Catullus in one pocket, and Parny, or Charles d'Orléans (in his own edition), or Villon, or François de Maynard, or Mathurin Régnier, or Scarron, or La Fontaine in the other. (At least, it pleases one to imagine that he carries his poets with him.) And in the inns he courts the pretty girls who wait on him, or—not often—parodies Mallarmé or M. de Régnier, or simply drinks wine with a friend and listens to the light babble of a mistress, whose memory he will keep . . . in some future poem. Unfortunately, M. Bernard has not written the poem he should have written for me to place here. I gather it—unquotably—turning over the pages of his *Livre des Amours*, in *Sub Tegmine Fagi*; and transcribe another piece :

Des chèvres près de ton ruisseau,
Prairie, et toi qui nous accueilles.
Le doux frémissement de l'eau
Qui se marie au bruit des feuilles.

Et, là-bas, dans le chemin creux,
Entre les branches de tes saules,
Cette enfant, au rire joyeux,
Dont on ne voit que les épaules . . .

Aussi rentrant à la maison,
Ce soir, tout pleins de cette idylle,
Nous trouverons dans ton gazon
La trace des pas de Virgile.

We hear the echo of no bad masters in M. Bernard's poems, avers M. Clouard, meaning no modern masters ; and he adds that in this gay

awakening of "fantaisiste" poetry there may be a new victory of the mind—over the rhetoric of romanticism, over the complications of symbolism.

* * * * *

I have four books of criticism and appreciation for which a word must be said: *Prétextes, réflexions sur quelques points de littérature et de morale*, by André Gide; *Promenades Littéraires, V^e série*, by Remy de Gourmont; *Préférences*, by Paul Escoube (M. de F., 3 fr. 50 each); and *Figures d'Evocateurs*, by Victor-Emile Michelet (Figuière, 3 fr. 50): four different personalities, four different methods. M. Gide's reflections are the notes on his own art of letters suggested to him by the work of other writers, or rather they are an account of certain reactions on his artistic sensibility. He has no opinions; but he has an admirable literary sense, guided by sanity and insight. One can but assent to all he says of Villiers de l'Isle Adam (one of M. Michelet's évocateurs), for instance, or of *vers libre* (p. 120), or of the Limits of Art, or of Influence in Literature, or of . . . but the whole book solicits one. M. Gide's passion is art: "J'attends toujours je ne sais quoi d'inconnu, nouvelles formes d'art et nouvelles pensées, et quand elles devraient venir de la planète Mars, nul Lemaître ne me persuadera qu'elles doivent m'être nuisibles ou me demeurer inconnues." No lapidary formulas, then, but taste, touch (metaphors from our physiological life), and M. Gide's own culture—the first two formed by the other and at its service—are at play in this book. And, at the end, are some souvenirs of Oscar Wilde that are a masterpiece of narration. M. Gide's theme is art; M. Remy de Gourmont's, men and their ideas. He accepts nothing without investigation; and often his investigations lead him to a conclusion that is different from common opinion (as with the "Bonhomme," La Fontaine). He delights in little known literatures, old books, a mediæval romance like that of the poet Guillaume de Machaut and his Peronne d'Armentières; he discusses Flaubert, de Vigny, the art of Stendhal, the "grandeur and decadence of Béranger," Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, Mallarmé, the Art of Gardens (according to the Abbé Delille)—anything, indeed, connected with literature and worthy of his notice, the only limits to his range, apparently, being those of time and printed matter. Every one of the twenty-two essays in this book is written with grace, easy knowledge, and perspicacity,

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and together they form a series of causeries that is both pleasurable and profitable to follow. But M. de Gourmont's reputation is a consecrated one. M. Paul Escoube's "Préférences" are Charles Guérin, Remy de Gourmont, Stéphane Mallarmé, Jules Laforgue, and Paul Verlaine. M. Michelet's "Evocateurs," are: Baudelaire ou le Divinateur douloureux, Alfred de Vigny ou le Désespérant, Barbey d'Aurevilly ou le Croyant, and Villiers de l'Isle Adam ou l'Initié. Here again two different methods, or, if you like, two other men. M. Escoube establishes his preferences on a solid documentation and a thorough knowledge of his texts. He follows the literary evolution of his subjects step by step, interpreting, throwing into relief significant phrases and passages, until the exposition is complete. Two of the essays in this book—those on Remy de Gourmont and Jules Laforgue—are exhaustive treatises, luminous, and written with perfect comprehension. M. Michelet, on the other hand, is concerned with the soul of his "Evocateurs," and its mystic and occult relationships with the soul latent in the universe. He seeks to distinguish their real life from their apparent life, and by this distinction to interpret their works. If M. Escoube is illuminating, it is the illumination of texts—light thrown on the workings of the intelligence. If M. Michelet is illuminating, it is the inner illumination of the mystic that carries a torch into further darkness.

* * * * *

M. A. van Bever, in conjunction with the *Mercure de France*, has undertaken the publication of an *Anthologie de la Poésie Française des origines jusqu'à nos jours*, of which the first volume, *La Poésie Française du Moyen Age, XI^e-XV^e siècles*, compiled by M. Charles Oulmont, has just appeared (*M. de F.*, 3.50). M. van Bever (who with M. Paul Léautaud, is the editor of that super-excellent and model anthology, *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui*, which is the indispensable work of reference for the symbolist period) knows his subject well, and he justifies this new publication by the statement that such an anthology of French poetry does not exist. The *Recueil des Poètes Français* of Claude Barbin (1692), besides being rare, is necessarily incomplete; the *Annales Poétiques* of Imbert and Sautereau (1778-1788, 40 vols.), also rare, are not to be relied on; while *Les Poètes Français* of Eugène Crepet

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(1861) is more or less a monument to Romanticism. There are no other first hand anthologies, and the lack of them and of the texts they bring as illustrations has impoverished French criticism and permitted the continued life of false views and counterfeit opinions. This anthology will therefore fill a gap and fulfil a need. Movements have been redetermined: writers grouped; texts collated with the originals. The labour must have been enormous, for M. van Bever says that no sincere manifestation has been overlooked, no figure allowed to remain obscure without an interrogation of its claims and credentials; "Nous avons tout vu, tout lu, tout interrogé, avec cette passion persuasive qu'inspire la connaissance des choses belles et mystérieuses . . ." The plan of this first volume, and apparently of those that will succeed it, is much that of *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui*: a short, sufficient notice of each poet, sources, editions, and works of reference, followed by a selection from the poet's work, with explanatory notes or translation, where necessary. M. Oulmont's introduction is somewhat lugubrious.

REVIEWS: *Mercur de France*.—Before the six numbers, 1,344 pages, January to March, of this review, one stops in despair. Really, there is so much, and despite all cavillers, who speak evilly of its age and stability, so much that is interesting. January 1: *La Poésie de Madame de Noailles*, Henri Dérioux; *Sur des Lettres Inédites d'Oscar Wilde*, Louis Wilkinson. January 16: *La Poésie de l'Epoque*, Nicolas Beauduin. February 1: *La Mysticité et le Lyrisme chez Max Elskamp*, Francis de Miomandre; *Flûtes*, poésies, G.-C. Cros; *Réflexions sur Richard Wagner, Janvier, 1874*, Frederic Nietzsche (Henri Albert trad.). February 16: *Emile Verhaeren*, Francis-Vielé Griffin; *Rimbaud et Ménélík*, Paterné Berrichon; *Réflexions sur Richard Wagner (notes pour le Cas Wagner—1885-1888)*, F. Nietzsche. March 1: *Péguy et les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, Francis Porché; *Le Problème de Rimbaud: sa Discussion*, Marcel Coulon. March 16: *L'Atelier de Cézanne*, Ambroise Vollard (curious souvenirs of the master). In each number, *Visages*, by André Rouveyre, and *La Revue de la Quinzaine*, half the review, where M. Maurice Boissard's witty theatrical notes appear (M. Boissard, who is Paul Léautaud, author of *Le Petit Ami*, having—Mar. 16—been outspoken on the subject of Women poets, has lit such a fire . . .).

La Nouvelle Revue Française.—January-April: *Les Caves du Vatican*, André Gide; *Chronique de Caerdal*, André Suarès. January: *La Jeunesse d'Ibsen*, P.-G. la Chesnais (who is preparing a complete and particularly valuable edition of the works in seventeen volumes to be published by the *N. R. F.*); *Poèmes*, Charles Vildrac, *Le Cinquantenaire d'Alfred de Vigny*, Albert Thibaudet. February: *Une Visite à Jean-Dominique*, F.-P. Alibert; *Les Noces d'Argent*, poèmes, F.-V. Griffin. March: *Lettres*, Henri Franck; *Poèmes*, Emile Verhaeren; *Paul Deroulède*, Henri Ghéon; *Autour de Parsifal*, Jacques-E. Blanche. And the *Notes* in each number.

La Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres.—Six numbers, January to March, represent-

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ing a definite and formidable aspect of French literary and political thought. M. Clouard, who writes, February 10, *Sur le Programme des Néo-Classiques*, and who has been awarded one of the literary prizes for criticism, is its accredited critic and the *porte parole* of the Classicists (the *parole* itself having no doubt come from Charles Maurras). January 25: *Poèmes*, Louis le Cardonnell. February 25: *Le Bois Vierge*, poème, François-Paul Alibert.

La Vie des Lettres.—January: *Sept Poèmes à la Gloire de Paris*, Nicolas Beauduin; *Petite nomenclature des Poètes américains*, R. J. Shores; *L'Inspiration de Verhaeren et les Coloristes flamands*, William Speth.

La Renaissance Contemporaine.—February 10: *A propos d'un intellectuel d'action: M. Alexandre Mercereau*, Pierre Fons. March 10: *Histoire anecdotique des lettres contemporaines: le Chorège du Symbolisme: Léo d'Orfer*, Gaston Picard; *A propos du vers libre*, Louis Alibert. March 24: *Les Rubriques littéraires*, Fernand Divoire.

Les Soirées de Paris.—A very modern review, futurist, cubist.—February: Poems by G. Apollinaire and Max Jacob; five reproductions of pictures by André Derain; and *Lettres d'Alfred Jarry*. March: Six reproductions, two in colours, of cubist pictures by Francis Picabia; *Lettres d'Alfred Jarry*: poems by Henri Hertz, Jean le Roy, and Léonard Pieux; Harrison Reeves on *Les épopées populaires américaines*, i.e., Nick Carter, etc.

Montjoie.—January-February: number devoted to "la Danse contemporaine": articles, drawings, by Rodin, Valentine de Saint-Point, inventor of "La Métachorie," Segonzac, Canudo, and others.

Le Temps Présent, *Les Marges*, *Le Double Bouquet*, *Les Bandeaux d'Or*, *L'Effort libre*, *Le Gay Sçavoir*, *Le Carillon*, *L'Arène*, *La Flora*, *Le Thyrs*, *Revue Sud-Américaine*, *L'Essor*, *Vers et Prose*, October-December, 1913 (see above).

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—*Les Quatre Princesses et le Cœur Fermé*, précédé de quelques poèmes, Ludmila J. Rais (Vers and Prose); *Livre d'Amour* (new and augmented edition), Charles Vildrac (*N. R. F.* 3 fr. 50); *Max Elskamp*, Jean de Bosschère (*L'Occident*, 3 fr. 50); *Méphiboseth*, O.-W. Milosz (Figuière, 2 fr.); *Divertissements*, Remy de Gourmont (*Mercure de France*) *Les Saisons Ferventes*, Louis Mandin (*Mercure de France*).

F. S. FLINT

GERMAN CHRONICLE

Prefatory Note.—How do I take my duties as a chronicler? Rather lightly perhaps. My tale will be rather haphazard. I do not intend to make a careful *inventory* of current literature, either by honestly tasting everything, or by collecting current opinions. I shall make no special effort. I shall not read anything on your behalf that I should not naturally have read for my own amusement. I intend merely to give an account of the things which reach me naturally, as I sit nightly gossiping at the Café des Westens (the Café Royal of Berlin, immortalised by Rupert Brooke's poem). I am actually on the spot. I walk down Tauenzienstrasse in the afternoon. I know many of the people I have to write about. I daily contemplate the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche (so frequently mentioned in modern verse), and derive certain advantages from this physical fact. This is the extent of my superiority. I make no claim to judicial estimate of tendencies, but humbly communicate the "latest thing"—quite a useful function when you remember that by the ordinary channels of print it takes twenty years for an idea to get from one country to another, while even a hat takes six months.

After all, it is time that German had this kind of treatment. It has been written about by people who felt that the literature of the country was a phenomenon of the same kind as its rainfall or its commerce, and deserved periodical notice and report. Careful chronicles of this kind put the whole situation in an entirely wrong perspective. You have to mention writers whom the native never considers.

Nobody seems to have written about German for fun. The natural motive for such writing, the fact that you have discovered something exciting and want to communicate your excitement, seems to have been entirely lacking here. It seems rather as if men who at some trouble to themselves had learnt German, had looked round for suitable means of revenging themselves on others who had not had that trouble. French, on the contrary, has been written about by people who possessed the curious characteristic of insisting on reading only what amused them.

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One can account for the fact that this type of enthusiastic amateur does not write about German, by a rather curious reason. It lies in a certain difference between the two literatures, which makes the one more easily accessible to the amateur of this kind than the other. Every speech is at once a language serving the purposes of the will, expressing intimate desires and commands, and at the same time a language expressing thoughts by a sequence of concepts. The second aspect of a language can be readily grasped by a foreigner who has learned the language in the usual literary way. The first, depending as it does on the emotional values attaching to simple words, can only be appreciated when one has oneself used the language as a weapon of daily abuse. The qualities inherent in this direct use of speech cannot be deliberately learnt. Here comes the point I am trying to make clear. Both French and German are in an equal degree used for these two purposes. But as far as literature itself is concerned, I should be inclined to assert that while the qualities of French literature are to be found in the use of language as a sequence of concepts, the essential qualities of German literature depend on its more homely use as a language of will and emotion.

While the essential qualities of French literature are thus easily seizable by a foreigner who has learnt the language in the usual way—*i.e.*, as a descriptive conceptual language—those of German are not. It may seem rather paradoxical, in view of the qualities of German as a philosophical language, to assert it is less a conceptual language than French. I am not, however, speaking of the languages in general, but only of the qualities they exhibit in literature. If one is not studying "comparative literature," but just reading foreign literature in the spirit in which one reads one's own, one is apt, for this reason, at first to be repelled by German. It does not lie open at once as French does. It is only when one comes across the old peasant poems and song in dialect, which exhibit prominently of course the qualities of a speech as a "language of will," that one begins to appreciate it. Then one begins also to recognise these qualities in classical German literature and find it more bearable. One sees it most familiarly in the extraordinary homeliness and solidity of certain parts of Goethe.

These, I repeat again, are qualities which cannot be appreciated by

the literary amateur who has learnt German as he has learnt French.

* * * * *

To turn now to contemporary German verse. A consideration of its immediate past is of some importance. Its roots do not go very deep. One should always bear in mind that German literature had no important Victorian period. Between the classical period of 1780-1830 and the moderns lies a gap. I am quite aware that this is an exaggeration, and that anyone who has ever read a manual of German literature could supply a continuous list of names stretching from one period to the other. But that would not affect the truth of what I assert. If you read Nietzsche's denunciation of German literature about 1870 you will see what is meant. It is only when one realises the state of German literature at that time that his denunciations become comprehensible. I point this out because it does seem to me to be important. The literary cabaret I speak of later commenced by a reading of these passages from Nietzsche's "What the Germans lack." This is not a mere dead fact from history, but throws light on the present.

The roots of the present lie only thirty years back. They resemble strawberry runners, springing from a mother root—in this case situated in Paris, Norway and elsewhere. The history of this period divides naturally into three decades. In 1880 comes the beginning of the modern period with the influence of Zola, Ibsen and Tolstoi. A few years later come the German names Conrad, Hauptmann and Hart. About 1892 you get a new tendency showing itself, "Los von Naturalismus." The principal names of this generation are Lieliencron and Dehmel; Stephan Georg, Max Dauthendey, and Hofmannsthal, the group associated with *Blatte für die Kunst*; Mombert, Peter Hille, Bierbaum, Falke, and Arno Holz, who perhaps belongs to the previous generation. From 1900 till 1910 you get another change. Naturalism is quite dead—but no formula can be given to describe this period. Carl Spitteler does not, properly speaking, belong to this generation, but I put him here because it was only at this time that his poems began to be read. The best poet of the period seems to me to be undoubtedly Rainer Maria Rilke. Other names are Schaukal, Eulenberg, and, among those who are not, properly speaking, poets, Wedekind, Heinrich, and Thomas Mann; Paul Ernst, Loublinski, and "the Neo-Classical Movement," of which I hope to say something more later.

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The generation that I am to write about is the one since this.

Before doing this, however, I should like to interpolate a list of papers and reviews where new work may be found: *Pan*, 6d. weekly, published by Cassirer, very lively indeed; *Die weissen Blätter*, a 2/- monthly, which, at present at any rate, includes some of the best of the younger men; *Der neue Rundschau*, a 2/- monthly something like the *English Review*; *Der Sturm*, a 4d. fortnightly, in reality a Futurist and Cubist art-paper, but always containing verse of Futurist type, well worth taking in; *Aktion*, a 2d. weekly, publishing good modern verses; *Der lose Vogel*; and finally two 3d. weeklies something like *The Academy*, *Das literarische Echo* and *Der Gegenwart*.

* * * * *

I can only give certain haphazard impressions of this last generation. Someone is sure to say that I have mistaken a small clique for contemporary poetry, but I take the risk. I attempt to give only my impressions. I attended a meeting of the "Cabaret Gnu." This takes place every month in a Café. The Cabaret has a president who calls on various poets to get up and read their poems. All do so without any diffidence whatever, and with a certain ferocity. It is all much pleasanter than a reading here, for having paid to go in, you are free to talk and laugh if the poem displeases you. Moreover, the confidence and the ferocity of the poets is such that you do not feel bound to encourage them. To anyone accustomed to ordinary German, the language is very surprising. Very short sentences are used, sometimes so terse and elliptical as to produce a blunt and jerky effect. It does not send you to sleep like the diffuse German of the past, but is, on the other hand, so abrupt that the prose itself at times almost resembles Futurist verse. The result is not always happy, but it is clear that a definite attempt is being made to use the language in a new way, an attempt to cure it of certain vices. That this reaction is a conscious one is shown, I suppose, by the opening reading of the passage from Nietzsche I have mentioned above. One feels that the language is passing through a period of experiment. Whether this is a local and unimportant fashion, or whether something will come of it, one cannot of course say. But there it is, an undoubted fact. The same reaction against softness and diffusiveness seems to me to be observable in the verse as in the prose.

As conveniently representing this present generation of poets, I take the anthology *Der Kondor* (edited by Kurt Hiller, published by Weissbach in Heidelberg, 1912). I might compare it with the Georgian Anthology. Though it has shown no signs yet of passing from edition to edition, like its remarkable English prototype, it yet attracted a certain amount of notice and criticism. Whatever its merits may be, it does represent the literary group with the greatest amount of life in it at the present moment. The editor, Kurt Hiller, was the conductor of the Cabaret Gnu I mentioned above.

The editor writes a short preface. Protesting in the first place against certain influences from which he imagines the present generation must make itself free—Stephan Georg and his school—the aristocratic view of art, “we ourselves understand the value of strict technique, but we reject *Hochnäsigkeit* as the constitutive principle of poetry.”

Secondly, he protests against those who mistake a metaphysical and pantheistic sentimentality for poetry.

Der Kondor then is to be a manifesto, a *Dichter Sezession*, “a rigorous collection of radical strophes. It is to include only those verse writers who can be called artists. It is to give a picture of all the artists of a generation.” The eldest were born at the end of the 70's, and the youngest in 1890. In the opinion of the editor it includes the best verse that has been written in German since Rilke.

To turn now to the verse itself, I obviously cannot give any detailed criticism of the fourteen poets included. I propose, therefore to quote one or two and then give my general impression.

Take first Ernst Blass, whose book *Die Strassen komme ich entlang geweht*, has appeared with the same publisher as *Der Kondor* itself. I quote his “*Sonnenuntergang*”:

Noch träum ich von den Ländern, wo die roten
Palastfassaden wir Gesichter stieren
Der Mond hängt strotzend
Weiss er von den Toten?
Ich gehe an dem weichen Strand spazieren.
Schräg durch Bekannte. (Schreien nicht einst Löwen?)
Vom Kaffeegarten kommt Musike her,
Die grosse Sonne fährt mit seidnen Möwen.
Über das Meer.

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Elsa Lasker Schuler, the best known of those included in the volume, in reality belongs to a slightly earlier generation. Some of her poems, for example, are translated in *Contemporary German Poetry* (Walter Scott, 1/-). She is a very familiar figure in the Café des Westens; her short hair, extraordinary clothes and manly stride are easily recognisable in the neighbourhood of Kurfürstendamm. Her prose, however, is extremely feminine, and anyone who is interested in gossip about the poets of this generation will find *Mein Herz* amusing. (It is put in the form of letters addressed to her former husband, Herwath Walden, the editor of the Futurist paper, *Der Sturm*.)

EIN ALTER TIBETTEPPICH

Deiner Seele, die die meine liebet
Ist verwirkt mit ihr im Teppichtibet

Strahl in strahl, verliebte Farben,
Sterne, die sich himmellang umwarben.

Unsere Füße ruhen auf der Kostbarkeit
Maschentausendabertausendweit

Süsser Lamasohn auf Moschuspflanzenthron
Wie lange küsst dein Mund den meinen wohl
Und Wang die Wange buntgeknüpfte Zeiten schon?

Then Georg Heym, who can be compared to Richard Middleton, in that he died young, leaving behind him a volume of verse and some short stories:

Beteerte Fässer rollten von den Schwellen
Der dunklen Speicher auf die hohen Kähne.
Die Schlepper zogen an. Des Rauches Mähne
Hing russig neider auf die ölligen Wellen

Zwei Dampfer kamen mit Musikkapellen.
Den Schornstein kappten sie am Brückenbogen.
Rauch, Russ, Gestank lag auf den schmutzigen Wogen
Der Gerbereien mit den braunen Fellen.

In allen Brücken, drunter uns die Zille
Hindurchgebracht, ertönten die Signale
Gleichwie in Trommeln wachsend in der Stille

Wir liessen los und trieben im Kanale
An Gärten langsam hin. In dem Idylle
Sahn wir der Riesenschlote Nachtfanale.

Arther Drey's "Kloster":

Und Mauern stehen ohne sich zu rühren
Wie graue Fäuste, die im wind erfrieren,

like several other poems in the volume, illustrates the use, which has now become epidemic, of the word *Und* at the beginning of every other line (derived probably from Hugo von Hofmannsthal's well-known "Ballade des Äusseren Lebens").

From René Schickele's *Auf der Friedrichstrasse bei Sonnenuntergang*:

An der Ecke steht ein Mann
Mit verklärtem Gesicht
Du stösst ihn an,
Er merkt es nicht,
Starrt empor mit blassem Blick
Schlaff die Arme herunter
Tiefer gestallet sich sein Geschick
Und der Himmel bunter.

I have no space to quote any more, but I give the names of the other poets and their books: Franz Werfel, *Der Weltfreund* and *Wir Sind*; Alfred Lichenstein, *Dammerung*; Max Brode, *Tagebuch in Versen*; Schickele, *Weiss and Rot*, published by Paul Cassirer; Crossberger, *Exhibitionen*, published by Meister, Heidelberg.

The group has to a certain extent divided. Kurt Hiller is writing for *Die weissen Blätter* a review which commenced last autumn, while Kronfeld told me when I saw him that he and Ernst Blass were starting a new review this spring, of which I hope to say something in my next chronicle.

As to my general impression of the whole group. First of all must be placed to their credit the fact that none of the poems can be described as pretty. They are not then sentimentally derivative, they are the product of some constructive intelligence, but I doubt whether this intelligence is one making for poetry. I doubt it, because the poems are so recognisably those which intelligent people would write.

To explain in more detail, I assume that the sensibility of the poet

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is possessed by many who themselves are not poets. The differentiating factor is something other than their sensibility. To simplify matters then, suppose a poet and an intelligent man both moved in exactly the same way by some scene; both desire to express what they feel; in what way does the expression differ? The difficulty of expression can be put in an almost geometrical way. The scene before you is a picture in two dimensions. It has to be reduced to verse, which being a line of words has only one dimension. However, this one-dimensional form has other elements of rhythm, sound, etc., which form as it were an emotional equivalent for the lost dimension. The process of transition from the one to the other in the case of the poet is possibly something of this kind. First, as in the case of all of us, the emotional impression. Then probably comes *one* line of words, with a definite associated rhythm—the rest of the poem follows from this.

Now here comes the point. This first step from the thing clearly "seen" to this almost blind process of development in verse, is the characteristic of the poet, and the step which the merely intelligent man cannot take. He sees "clearly" and he must construct "clearly." This obscure mixture of description and rhythm is one, however, which cannot be *constructed* by a rational process, *i.e.*, a process which keeps all its elements clear before its eyes all the time.

The handicap of the intelligent man who is not a poet is that he cannot trust himself to this obscure world from which rhythm springs. All that he does must remain "clear" to him as he does it. How does he then set about the work of composition? All that he can do is to mention one by one the elements of the scene and the emotions it calls up. I am moved in a certain way by a dark street at night, say. When I attempt to express this mood, I make an inventory of all the elements which make up that mood. I have written verse of that kind myself, I understand the process. The result is immediately recognisable. Qualities of sincere first-hand observation may be constantly shown, but the result is not a poem.

The Germans I have been writing about seem to me to be in this position. The qualities they display are destined rather to alter German prose than to add to its poetry.

T. E. HULME

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY

(A REPLY TO MR UNTERMAYER *)

IT is a common practice among critics and reviewers to adopt two distinct standards by which to gauge their judgments; one for the art of the period in which they write, and a second for all other periods. The reasons for this difference are easy to understand, and, provided that the difference is conscious in the mind of the writer, probably adequate. But when he unconsciously discusses the *Poems* of William Smith of Surbiton in the same manner and with the same vocabulary as he would (or might not) employ for *Paradise Lost* or the Sonnets of Keats, he misleads probably himself and almost certainly his readers. In my article on American Poetry in POETRY AND DRAMA of December last, I adopted one standard for Poe, Whitman, the New England group, and contemporary poets, and by the only standard available in the circumstances found the contemporary poets wanting.

A reply to my article, by Mr Louis Untermeyer, followed in due course, in which Mr Untermeyer submitted the names of some dozen living writers not mentioned by me (for reasons since explained) in whose work he finds sufficient merit completely to vitiate my judgment. Now, the most striking fact about this reply was that, while differing from me in the above respect, he joins with me in condemning the New England group. One of two conclusions must be deduced. Either Mr Untermeyer conscientiously considers that Messrs Robinson, Markham, Carman, Oppenheim, etc., are better poets than Emerson, Longfellow and Lowell, or he adopts a different standard in judging them.

It is difficult for me to imagine that an unbiassed judgment will find (to take a specific instance) anything in the works of John G. Neihardt comparable to the best passages in "Hiawatha" or to "My Lost Youth," whatever is thought of these latter, and I am inclined to hope that Mr

* See POETRY AND DRAMA, March 1914.

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Untermeyer will finally admit to himself that he has accepted contemporary poetry with a peculiarly lenient hand and in a particularly optimistic frame of mind. I have, thankfully, no æsthetic theories on which to model a definition of poetry, or by which to measure the poetry in any author or poem. I say "thankfully" because I believe that those who have otherwise provided themselves are apt to allow their appreciations to be influenced by their theories instead of their theories by their appreciations. All the following judgments are therefore confessedly individual and particular, and wherever possible I shall quote, not only to illustrate my text, but to allow the reader to form his own opinion independently of mine.

* * * * *

Mr Untermeyer asks me to consider (in the order he names them) William Ellery Leonard, James Oppenheim, John Hall Wheelock, Joyce Kilmer, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, John G. Neihardt, Arthur Davison Ficke, George Sterling, Sara Teasdale, Zoë Akins, Edna Millay, Edwin Markham, and Bliss Carman. Mr Leonard I had accused of an obsession with "cosmicity," a current American literary vice. Mr Untermeyer somewhat misrepresents me when he attaches a criticism made on American poetry in general (mentioning Mr Leonard as one example to hand among many) to Mr Leonard in particular. But I do not insist on the difference. Mr Leonard sins less than others in this respect; yet I find the word "primeval" occurring nine times in fourteen consecutive poems, with "primordial" three or four times into the bargain. His sonnet "The Insulting Letter," quoted by Mr Untermeyer, is something to have achieved; it is probably the best poem in his book. But its tone of sincerity is marred by the second line. Mr Leonard was not sufficiently a poet to escape from the conventional "tavern" and "yonder vale." Here is another good poem marred by the use of two or three traditionally poetic and archaic words.

FOR A FOREST WALKER

(IN FRANCONIA)

Quaff the mid-forest spring! Sink palms and knees
In the deep moss and let the big rank ferns

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Strike on the flushed cheek and the fevered neck,
And let thy hair, warmed in those sultry shades,
Float, with the oozy twigs and yellow leaves,
The near black water ! O with pursèd lips
Quaff till thou feelst it cool in heart and frame—
Then up through pines and thickets to the light !

Yonder the valley and the mountain lake !
The sunset clouds are trembling on the waves,
The wild deer drink among the winding rocks ;
And thou shalt call for joy aloud, and hear
A mountain echo that will die away
Seven times repeated on the crimson air !

However, I have derived a certain degree of real pleasure from three or four of Mr Leonard's poems, and I must admit having done him less than justice in my original article.

* * * * *

Among the other writers mentioned there are three of older and wider reputation than the rest. These are Messrs Markham, Robinson and Carman. I am asked whether I remember Mr Markham's "The Man with the Hoe." Not unreasonably, I consider, I had forgotten it. But the poem is mentioned in so assured a manner that I have felt like a fencer who, having had a hit called against him, is left to wonder when and where the hit was made. In reply, is it legitimate for me to ask whether Mr Untermeyer has read Lascelles Abercrombie's "Indignation: An Ode"? I shall do no more than quote the opening lines of the former poem and allow those who prefer its lifeless blank verse to the passionate force of "Indignation" to differ from me. I do not mention this as Mr Abercrombie's best work (which it certainly is not), but because it deals with the same subject, namely, the oppression of labour, in the same frame of mind.

FROM "THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.

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Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

* * * * *

Edwin Arlington Robinson is not a writer who can be discussed in a few words. I am not sure how many books he has published, but my knowledge of him is based on these: *The Children of the Night*, *The Town Down the River*, and *Captain Craig and Other Poems*. All three contain poems of merit, and, published in the order mentioned, they show a continuous development of personality. And yet I find it difficult to write about them, feeling no particular emotion either of delight or of antipathy. I fancy that Mr Robinson frequently says interesting things, but he says them in a peculiarly uninteresting manner, which is, therefore, not the manner of poetry. It required an effort to finish reading *The Children of the Night*, and it so happened that between the beginning and the end, I opened another book at Christina Rossetti's poem beginning "I took my heart in my hand," and I found I had not much use for Mr Robinson after. Not that I have a particular predilection for Christina Rossetti, or that Mr Robinson's work contains anything in common with hers (he owes more to Browning than to anyone else); but that whereas she, by a complete fusion of emotion and manner, composed a poem, Mr Robinson has not. This quality of unity is due to what Mr Clive Bell calls in the case of painting, Significant Form. Perhaps that is the touchstone of all poetry; which carries me

dangerously near to an æsthetic theory.. The fine thought of Mr Robinson avails him little, because fine thought, though it may be a component of poetry, is not poetry itself. The nearest approach to it that I find in the early book is the following sonnet; but even here one is tempted to think that success is in part accidental, for the form and technique of the poem differ little from that of the other sonnets among which it is found. (By form, I mean something more than the embodiment of those rules which govern sonnet-writing.) It happens, however, that matter and manner are more nearly blended here than elsewhere.

DEAR FRIENDS

Dear friends, reproach me not for what I do,
Nor counsel me, nor pity me, nor say
That I am wearing half my life away
For bubble-work that only fools pursue.
And if my bubbles be too small for you,
Blow bigger then your own: the games we play
To fill the frittered minutes of a day,
Good glasses are to read the spirit through.

And whoso reads may get him some shrewd skill;
And some unprofitable scorn resign,
To praise the very thing that he deplores;
So, friends (dear friends), remember, if you will,
The shame I win for singing is all mine,
The gold I miss for dreaming is all yours.

I have no doubt that the title-poem of *The Town Down the River* has been greatly admired. Its qualities of grace and finish are so insistent, its rhythm is so melodious that it could hardly fail to please a great number of readers. But therein it has all the defects of its qualities. To a sensitive ear it will seem monotonously facile, over-alliterated, too consciously and too neatly rhymed. It is a pity that Mr Robinson's technique should have mastered him in this way, for he had a fine poem spoiled in the making. Much of the work in this book shows the influence of Browning already mentioned, but Mr Robinson did not learn to be serious without being heavy, or dramatic without being theatrical. For these reasons "Momus" is a better poem than "How Annandale Went Out" or the eulogies on Presidents Lincoln and Roosevelt.

MOMUS

"Where's the need of singing now?"—
Smooth your brow,
Momus, and be reconciled,
For King Kronos is a child—
Child and father,
Or god rather,
And all gods are wild.

"Who reads Byron any more?"—
Shut the door,
Momus, for I feel a draught;
Shut it quick, for someone laughed.—
"What's become of
Browning? Some of
Wordsworth lumbers like raft.

"What are poets to find here?"
Have no fear:
When the stars are shining blue
There will yet be left a few
Themes availing—
And these failing,
Momus, there'll be you.

I am inclined to think that Mr Robinson's best work is contained in the last of his books I have to consider. The long blank-verse narratives I find more native to America, and more peculiar to himself, than the shorter pieces of the earlier books. "Captain Craig" (though I should not care to attempt it again) I read through with interest, in spite of its eighty-four pages and its lengthy philosophic monologues. It is a fine character study. "Isaac and Archibald" is even better. It is more concise, more balanced and less metaphysically windy than the other. Has Mr Robinson ever written prose—novels, for instance? And if so, are they not better than his verse? So one would imagine from reading the poems in this book. He has the qualities of a good story-writer; insight, imagination, intellect and dramatic feeling, but lacks that magic in words without which poetry is but its own skeleton.

* * * * *

To my great regret I am unacquainted with the work of John Hall

Wheelock. His poem quoted by Mr Untermeyer is one of the most perfect I have seen in modern American verse ; the poem of a twentieth century Wordsworth. This is not to say that Mr Wheelock is a great poet ; he may or may not be ; one good poem proves nothing but its own worth. But I have read it by the side of Wordsworth's sonnet written "Upon Westminster Bridge," and, though there is no question which is the finer, Mr Wheelock's continued to please me after. That is all that one can ask. The reason I mention it, before passing on to Mr Carman and others, is that it possesses that unanalysable harmony of thought, vision, and form, that magic of words which I found so generally lacking in the verse of Mr Robinson. Mr Wheelock is one of the very few among the authors mentioned by Mr Untermeyer whose work I have not seen in current American magazines. Neither do I find it represented in the recently published *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913*. That is all to his good, though it is my loss. Unfortunately I have not as yet been able to obtain a copy of his book from the publishers. When I do so it will be easier to consider his position in contemporary poetry.

* * * * *

To return to Mr Untermeyer's trio of established masters ; of the three, Mr Carman is certainly the best known in England, principally through his *Sappho*. This is his least characteristic, though not his least meritorious, book. (I do not pretend to know his work book by book from cover to cover, and must establish my estimation on the four or five I possess.) It contains several charming lyrics, but it is significant that the most successful are those in which the author has been able to embody a substantial portion of direct translation, and it would be as absurd to base a claim for American poetry on such a production as it would be to base a claim for English poetry on Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*. The real Carman is much more akin to Stevenson, particularly to the Stevenson of *Songs of Travel*. But he seems to have taken matters rather less seriously. One receives the impression of a man who, having found it very pleasant to lie under a hedge with a good pipe, a good companion, a good voice and a copy of Browning, cannot be bothered to think seriously, feel deeply or sing at his best, but who would probably repudiate such a suggestion with

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indignation. His rhymes and rhythms flow with an over-spontaneous facility; even his religious moments are touched with a too easy sentiment. Here is a delightful poem spoilt by this facility which induced him to lengthen it unnecessarily, and by the commonplace feeling of the last two verses. (For lack of space I am compelled to omit three verses, but this, in fact, improves the poem.)

THE DUSTMAN

"Dustman, dustman!"
Through the deserted square he cries,
And babies put their rosy fists
Into their eyes.

There's nothing out of No-man's-land
So drowsy since the world began,
As "Dustman, dustman,
Dustman."

He goes his village round at dusk
From door to door, from day to day;
And when the children hear his step
They stop their play.

"Dustman, dustman!"
Far up the street he is descried
And soberly the twilight games
Are laid aside.

"Dustman, dustman!"
There, Drowsyhead, the old refrain,
"Dustman, dustman!"
It goes again.

* * * *

"Dustman, dustman!"
He never varies from one pace,
And the monotony of time
Is in his face.

And some day, with more potent dust,
Brought from his home beyond the deep,
And gently scattered on our eyes,
We, too, shall sleep,—

Hearing the call we know so well
Fade softly out as it began,
"Dustman, dustman,
Dustman!"

His other master, as I have already hinted, is Browning. In his later work this influence predominates, though less apparent in his form (he has never wholly lost the patter and jingle of *Songs from Vagabondia*) than on sentiment and philosophy. Take, for instance, this passage from *Above the Gaspereau* :

Then the little wind that blows from the great star-drift
Will answer : "Thou tide in the least of the planets I lift,
Consider the journeys of light. Are thy journeyings swift?
Thy sands are as smoke to the star-banks I huddle and shift.
Peace! I have seeds of the grasses to scatter and sift.
I have freighting to do for the weed and the frail thistle drift.

"O ye apples and firs, great and small are as one in the end.
Because ye had life to the full, and spared not to spend;
Because ye had love of your kind, to cherish and fend;
Held hard the good instinct to thrive, cleaving close to life's trend;
Nor questioned where impulse had origin,—purpose might tend;
Now, beauty is yours, and the freedom whose promptings transcend
Attainment for ever, in death with new being to blend.
O ye orchards and woods, death is naught, love is all in the end."

Mr Carman is quite conscious of his discipleship. Mr William Archer has written, "I myself, were I casting about for a religion, should be tempted to shut myself up for six weeks or so in a lonely tower, with no literature in my portmanteau but *Behind the Arras* and *Low Tide on Grand Pré*." I should recommend him to take *Men and Women* and *Dramatic Romances* instead. Of course, Mr Carman is not a mere imitator. His poems are the outcome of his own personality, but it is a personality which has formed over-strong literary sympathies. He has two characteristics in common with Mr Robinson, different as their work is. Both bow, each at his own time and in his own manner, to Browning, and both suffer through an incompletely assimilated technique.

* * * * *

About the younger writers of Mr Untermeyer's group I have less

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to say. I do not know them individually so well, nor do I find them, with one exception, so noteworthy as Mr Carman and Mr Robinson.

James Oppenheim is one of the first mentioned in the list, and him I must pass over in silence. The only work of his I know is a blank-verse play, *The Pioneers*. Dealing with a subject which might form the motive for a cowboy "cinema" drama, it is so crude in thought, emotion and technique, both dramatic and poetic, that I am constrained to believe that both the author and Mr Untermeyer would wish it forgotten in any serious consideration of his work.

One of the afore-mentioned cosmic-ists is John G. Neihardt; here are a few embodiments of his universal vision, taken from *Man-Song*:

O Link that united the Infinite Sea,
The Unconscious Pulse with the conscious and free,
That bound—and made possible me:

* * * * *
For you are a part of the great warm Vast
From the worm at your root to the sun above you;

* * * * *
The vast Alembic of the cryptic scheme,
Warm with the Master-Dream!

—and so on. He rarely descends from these heights. *The Stranger at the Gate* is, as Mr Untermeyer remarks, more restrained; it is also, considered as a whole, better poetry. But Mr Neihardt's work presents to my mind nothing more than a series of chaotic strivings.

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, crude (like Mr Niehardt's) as his poetry is, has achieved something more. When I read his "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven" on its first appearance, it seemed that here was an entirely new mind and new sensibility working in poetry. It has since come to me in book form, and I am ready to endorse that first impression. Here are two stanzas:

[To be sung to the tune of *The Blood of the Lamb*
with indicated instrument.]

I.

[*Bass drum beaten loudly*]

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
The saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravoos from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail :—
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

[*Banjos.*]

Every slum had sent its half-a-score
The round world over. (Booth had groaned for more.)
Every banner that the wide world flies
Bloomed with glory and transcendent dyes.
Big-voiced lasses made their banjos bang,
Tranced, fanatical they shrieked and sang :—
"Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?"
Hallelujah! It was queer to see
Bull-necked convicts with that land make free.
Loons with trumpets blowed a blare, blare, blare
On, on upward thro' the golden air!
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

It is easy to laugh at Mr Lindsay's treatment of his subject, as it once was for some people to sneer at the personality which inspired it. He has conceived a sincere and emotional concept, and has embodied it in sincere and moving verse.

Though no other poem in Mr Lindsay's book reaches this height, the unselfconscious tension of his feeling is fairly consistently maintained; he has seldom found it necessary to remember he is a poet, a rare quality among his contemporaries. The tone of his verse is religious, with something of the fire and wrath of the prophet. It is, therefore, a surprise to find a poem in a very different vein included in the *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913*. "The Kallyope Yell," intended to be declaimed "loudly and rapidly with a leader, College yell fashion," is the song of a circus music-machine, and succeeds in wringing tremendous emotional value out of the vulgarity and din of the scene it portrays and from the mentality it represents. Both this poem and "General Booth," for the very reason that they are designed for declamation, are, I think, bound to lose in popular understanding and appreciation, for it requires more than a little imagination to invest cold print with the accompaniment the author has indicated in "General

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Booth" or with the blare of the "Kallyope." In my original article I expressed a desire to effect a free distribution of Futurist Manifestoes among American poets. But there is little need of a propagandist Marinetti in a country capable of producing a Mr Lindsay. Anyone who has heard the Futurist leader declaim his poetry knows the possibilities and limitations of such work. For those who are moved by those matters which are peculiar to the twentieth century I can imagine no adequate form of self-expression far removed from this. Their numbers are probably few, but to be able to appreciate such work should not require the sensibility necessary for its production. All emotions are ore from which poetry may be sifted, and it should be a matter for congratulation rather than for disdain or despair that there are men to whom essentially modern life appeals in such a way as to impel them to embody their feelings in art. "The Kallyope Yell" appears to me to possess two advantages over any of the strictly Futurist poems I have read or heard. In the first place, it is not merely photographic, and has a certain universal significance; and in the second place, it is at least intelligible in print to the ordinary reader, making free use of rhyme and seeking no assistance from extraordinary typographical effects. Mr Lindsay is, to me, the most interesting figure in contemporary American poetry.

* * * * *

George Sterling, Sara Teasdale, Joyce Kilmer, and Edna Millay are all akin, and represent a very ordinary type of Magazine poet. (I have a fear that, in spite of the excellent poem I have referred to, Mr Wheelock belongs to the same group.) It is a type which is capable of producing good verses on slight provocation; verses with a pretty fancy, a pretty lilt, and the least possible real emotion. Accident occasionally gives birth to a poem by it, but it is of little consequence either to man or to literature. Here is a poem by Joyce Kilmer, representative of its kind, which has been eulogized by Mr Untermeyer in a recent review of the *Anthology of Magazine Verse*:

TREES

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the sweet earth's hungry breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray ;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair ;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain ;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree !

Two more names conclude Mr Untermeyer's list. *The Earth Passion* of Arthur Davison Ficke (the only book of his I have seen) is honest enough versification. Possibly he has done better. Of Miss Zoë Akins I know nothing.

* * * *

I have, in the course of this article, discussed a number of writers for whom it is claimed that they constitute a new school (in the widest sense of the word) of American poetry. Mr Untermeyer is at least right in one respect. Some of them have certainly written what none but an American could write, but that they have written American poetry in any but the scantiest measure I deny. Far from believing that the poetry of to-day outstrips the poetry of 50 years ago, I foresee that when the history of American literature comes to be compiled at a date sufficiently remote to place the present period in perspective with the past, it will be found to be as diminutive as any.

Only one man appears, from the evidence I have available, to present either new thought, new feeling or new expression, and that is Mr Lindsay, who has at least two of these qualities.

The poems here quoted are, I think, a fair indication of the best that is being written. If Mr Untermeyer were to insist that it is comparable to the best in any of the significant periods of poetry, I could only imagine him in the position of the man in Plato's allegory who dwelt in a cave and gazed on shadows.

JOHN ALFORD

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[See *English Poetry*, p. 176; quoted, p. 199.]
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- Poems.* By Ina M. Stenning. (Simpkin. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Rita S. Mosscockle. (Mathews. 5s. net.)
- Poems.* Margaret Cropper. (Mathews. 1s. 6d. and 1s. net.)
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- Poems and Legends.* By Charles Stratford Catty. (Smith, Elder. 5s. net.)
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- Quatrains.* By T. W. Cole. (Palmer. 6d. net.)
- Reullera.* By Filio Unicè Dilecto. (Mathews. 1s. net.)
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- Ragged-Staft Rhymes.* By A. Sedgwick Barnard. (Cornish. 6d. net.)
- Side Slips.* By Griffyth Fairfax. Illustrated by Maud Klein. (Goschen. 4s. 6d. net.)
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- Songs for Music, and Other Verses.* By J. J. Cadwaladr. (Drane. 1s.)
- Songs of a Navy.* By Patrick Macgill. (Author. 1s. net.)
- The Dryad.* By Clara Burdett Patterson. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The Flight, and Other Poems.* By George Edward Woodberry. (Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.)
- The Golden Heresy.* By Max Plowman. (Published by Author, 48, Fitzroy Street. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Horns of Taurus.* By Griffyth Fairfax. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176.]
- The Inward Light, and Other Verses.* By A. W. Webster. (Headley. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Lord's Mother, St. Luke's Quest: A Dramatic Poem.* By A. Scott Boyd. (Constable. 5s.)
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- The Reverberate Hills.* By Edward Oppenheim. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
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[See *English Poetry*, p. 176; quoted, p. 194.]
- The Song of the Five, and Other Poems.* By Cecil Garth. (Mathews. 1s. net.)
- The Street of Dreams.* By William K. Seymour. (Jones & Evans. 2s. net.)
- The Tale of Florentius, and Other Poems.* By A. G. Shirreff. Illustrated by Elsie Lunn. (Blackwell. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Two Blind Countries.* By Rose Macaulay. (Sidgwick. 2s. 6d. net.)
[See *English Poetry*, p. 176; quoted, p. 197.]

- Unconditioned Songs.* (The authorship of this book is not acknowledged.) (Endacott. 2s. 6d.)
- Vigils.* By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. (Published by Author, Oakthorp Road, Oxford. 1s. net.)
- Vision: A Book of Lyrics.* By W. H. Abbott. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
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- Collected Poems.* By Norman Gale. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
- Edmund Spenser: The Faerie Queene. Vol. II.* Edited by Lilian Winstanley. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.)
- English and Scottish Popular Ballads.* Edited from the Collection of Francis Child and Others. Cambridge Edition. (Nutt. 12s. 6d. net.)
- George Meredith: Selected Poems.* Popular Edition. (Constable. 1s. net.)
- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: Poems.* Two Volumes. (Nelson. 6d. each net.)
- John Greenleaf Whittier: Selected Poems.* Re-issue. (Chalfont Library. Headley. 1s. net.)
- Lay of the Last Minstrel.* By Sir Walter Scott. Edited by T. T. Jeffrey. (Clive. 1s. 6d.)
- One of Us: A Novel in Verse.* By Gilbert Frankau. Cheaper Edition. (Chatto. 1s. net.)
- Parlement of Foules: Geoffrey Chaucer.* With Introduction, Notes and Glossary, by C. M. Drennan. (Clive. 2s. 6d.)
- Poems.* By Charles Kingsley. (Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. (Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- Poems.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Vol. V. Bohn's Popular Library. (Bell. 1s. net.)
- Poetical Works of William Blake.* Bohn's Popular Library. (Bell. 1s.)
- Religious Poems.* By Richard Crashaw. With an Introductory Study by R. A. Eric Shepherd. (The Catholic Library. Herder. 1s. net.)
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- The Dream of Gerontius.* By John Henry Newman. (Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)
- The Lord of the Isles.* By Sir Walter Scott. With Introduction, Notes and Maps for the Examinations. Oxford and Cambridge Edition. (Gill. 1s. 6d.)
- The Luck of Roaring Camp: Californian Tales and Poems.* By Bret Harte. (Everyman. Dent. 1s.)

AMERICAN BOOKS RECEIVED

- An Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913.* Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. (Published by the Author. 4s. net; paper, 2s. net.)
- Arthur Sonten: A Comedy.* Robin Ernest Dunbar. (R. Dunbar, Indiana. 2s. net.)
- Challenge.* By Louis Untermeyer. (Century Co. 4s. net.)
- In the High Hills.* By Maxwell Struthers Bart. (Mifflin. 4s. net.)
- On the Wabash: A Comedy in Three Acts.* By Robin Ernest Dunbar. (Stage Society, Indiana. 2s. net.)
- Poems.* By Walter Conrad Arensberg. (Mifflin. 4s. net.)
- Saloon Sonnets: With Sunday Flutings.* By Allen Norton. (Claire Marie. 6s. net.)
- Sonnets from the Patagonian.* By Donald Evans. (Claire Marie. 5s. net.)
- The Foothills of Parnassus.* By John Kendrick Bangs. (Macmillan. 5s. 6d. net.)

ANTHOLOGIES

- A Book of Ballads Old and New.* Selected by Adam L. Gowans. (Gowans. 6d. and 1s. net.)
- A Cluster of Grapes: A Book of Twentieth Century Poetry.* Collated by Galloway Kyle. (Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)
- [Reviewed, p. 185.]
- "Des Imagistes": An Anthology.* (Poetry Bookshop. 2s. 6d. net.)
- [See *English Poetry*, p. 176; quoted, 192.]
- Poetry for Boys.* Selected by S. Maxwell. (Mills & Boon, 1s. 6d. net.)
- Songs of the South: Choice Selections from Southern Poets from Colonial Times to the Present Day.* Collected and Edited by Jennie Thornley Clarke. With Appendix of Brief Biographical Notes, etc. (De la More Press. 5s. net.)
- [Reviewed, p. 185.]
- The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language.* Selected and Arranged by Francis Turner Palgrave. With Additional Poems and Notes. By C. B. Wheeler. (Milford. 2s. 6d.)
- [Reviewed, p. 185.]
- The New Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.* Selected by Ernest Rhys. (Everyman. Dent. 1s.)
- [Reviewed, p. 185.]
- The Winged Anthology.* Selected and Arranged by Irene Osgood and Horace Wyndham. (Richmond. 3s. 6d. net.)
- [Reviewed, p. 185.]

DRAMA

- Andromache: A Play in Three Acts.* By Gilbert Murray. New Edition. (Allen. 1s. net.)
- An Ideal Husband.* By Oscar Wilde. A New Acting Version produced by Sir George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre. (Methuen. 2s. net.)
- A Single Man: A New Comedy in Four Acts.* By Hubert Henry Davies. (Heinemann. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.)

- Artegale. A Drama: Poems and Ballads.* By Blanche C. Hardy. (John Long. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Between Sunset and Dawn: A Play in Four Scenes.* By Hermon Ould. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. and 2s. net.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Chitra: A Play in One Act.* By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.)
[Held over for Review.]
- Curtain Raisers: Vols. III. and IV.* By W. Sapté. (Griffiths. 1s. net each.)
- Damaged Goods: A Play.* By Brieux. Translated by John Pollock. With a Preface by Bernard Shaw. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Dusk: A Play.* By Robert Vansittart. (Humphreys. 1s. net.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Five Plays: The Gods of the Mountains, The Golden Doom, King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior, The Glittering Gate, The Lost Silk Hat.* By Lord Dunsany. (Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)
[Held over for Review.]
- "Gentlemen, the King!": A Military Drama in One Act.* By Campbell Todd. (French. 1s. net.)
- Idle Women: A Study in Futility in One Act and Two Scenes.* By Magdalen Ponsoby. (Humphreys. 1s.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Jean.* By Donald Colquhoun. Repertory Plays. (Gowans. 6d. net.)
- Loving As We Do, and Other Plays.* By Gertrude Robins. (T. W. Laurie. 1s. net.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Misalliance, The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and Fanny's First Play. With a Treatise on Parents and Children.* By G. Bernard Shaw. (Constable. 6s.)
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- Over the Hills: Comedy in One Act.* By John Palmer. (Sidgwick. 6d. net.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Philip's Wife: A Play in Three Acts.* By F. G. Layton. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Playing With Love.* By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by P. Morton Shand. Including *The Prologue to Anatol*, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Rendered into English Verse by Trevor Blakemore. (Gay & Hancock. 2s. 6d. net.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Plays.* By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (Constable. 5s. net.)
- Plays and Poems: The Comedies.* By George Chapham. Edited with Introductions and Notes by Thomas M. Parrott. (Routledge. 6s.)
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[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- Shakespeare: As You Like It.* Edited by J. W. Holme. Arden Edition. (Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.)

- The Bear Leaders : A Farce in Four Acts.* By R. C. Carton. (French. 1s. 6d. net.)
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- The Flash Point : A Drama in Three Acts.* By Mrs. Scott Maxwell. (Sidgwick. 1s. 6d. net.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- The May King : A Play in Three Acts.* By F. W. Moorman. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- The Mollusc : A New Comedy in Three Acts.* By Hubert Henry Davies. (Heinemann. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.)
- The New Parsifal : An Operatic Fable.* By Robert Calverley Trevelyan. (Chiswick Press. 3s. 6d.)
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[Reviewed, p. 207.]
- The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd : A Drama in Three Acts.* By D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.)
[Held over for Review.]
- Three Dramas.* By Stjerne Björnson. (Everyman. Dent. 1s.)
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